43

The
AERONAUT.

No. 1 Vol 12

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AERONAUT.

No. 3 * 1820

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NEW YORK

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CONTENTS

To

THE AERONAUT.

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CONTENTS, &c.

No.		Page.
1.	Introductory Remarks	5
2.	On the fashions	21
3.	The reward of contentment; or the History of the Prince of Patava: an oriental tale	33
4.	Parallel between the Gothic & Grecian manners	53
5.	On Matrimony	69
6.	The Princess of Madagascar, a tale	93.
7.	Sequel of the same	113
	The passions of a deserted woman	110
8.	On the ancient poetry of the Britons, with a specimen of translation	129.
9.	On the sacred pastoral — An attempt at that species of writing	147.
10.	The question discussed, whether the first writers of a nation are in prose, or verse	161
11.	On Enthusiasm	177
12.	On the superstitions of the middle ages — The means of the reduction of Europe to infidelity	197

84769

No. page

13. On the origin and nature of modesty . . 21
14. On the primigo sinbendi — The success generally attendant on literary exertions 23
15. On professional pursuits 24
16. The analogy and affinity subsisting between the mythologies of the ancient Egyptians, Indians, Greeks, and Romans 25
17. On the probable causes of the cultivation of hieroglyphics in Egypt. 27
18. The subject continued 29
Ode to Egypt 30
19. On American Satire 30
20. Criticism on Bertram, with remarks on English Tragedy . . . 32
21. On the influence of Scenery on the manners & customs of a nation 33
22. The connection between the history & manners of a people. — Icelandic Melody — Hindu melody — Turkish melody — Finnish melodies — Magic of Odin 34
23. On the changes in American manners 36

Contents to the Aeronaut.

24. On the means of acquiring a knowledge of one's own character. 385
25. On Wealth 397
26. On Grecian mythology — ode — 413
27. Story of Aurelius 429
28. On the Forum 449
29. On Epitaphs — Letter from Themidophilos 465
30. On Epitaphs — Letter from a correspondent — Strictures upon the letter ... 481
31. Criticism on Maturin's Manuel — Harold the Dauntless — witty remarks on modern poetry. 497
32. On Travel — Letter from a correspondent. ———
33. On Friendship. — — —
34. The influence of the gospel on the female character —
35. Men of too great and undigested learning a nuisance.
36.
37. Introduction to volume 3.
38. on Common place
39. On Poetry.
40. On the novels of the author of Waverly —

Table of contents

41. On the misfortune of genius — ode to genius.
42. On Society
43. On Society
44 Fanaticism
45. Absolutism
46. South America
47. Human Inconsistency
48 }
49 } On embodying thought

Edw. Coke. Miles. C.J.

to the Aeronaut.

Ro j. Vol 12.

AERONAUT.

V 12

THE

AERONAUT.

VOLUME the TWELFTH.

NEW-YORK.

181

No.
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8.
9.
10.
11.
12.
13.

CONTENTS

OF

THE TWELFTH VOLUME.

No. Current Series

1. Alexandriana
2. Mehitabel Gibbs.
3. Counsellor Phillips
4. Typhus.
5. Fragment of History.
6. Monody on the death of J. W. Eastburn.
7. Debate at the Forum.
8. Anatomy.
9. Priestcraft in U. S.
10. Mr Magrin's dream and meirography.
11. Punch and the Devil.
12. Estella of Florian.
13. Jane C. Patterson Folly. Country Journal Diary.

14. . Salem Witchcraft.
15. . Continuation.
16. . Continuation.
17.

THE AERONAUT.

Vol. 12.

ALCANDRIANA.

NO. V

THE papers of Alcander are presented to the perusal of the reader, without any regard to subject or order. The following essay being in some measure connected with a ~~previous~~ the theme of a former number of the Aeronaut,[a] on the Pains of Memory, we have thought it unnecessary to delay selecting it. It furnishes another proof to those which have already been

[a] See No. Vol. 8. Page et seq.

given, that the mind of its author was laboring under a disease for which there is no remedy, and which in all probability planted the seeds of that decay, whose rapid progress laid in an untimely grave all the hope of years, and all the promise of youth, the buddings of genius, and the aspirations of ambition.

It has long been a common proverb, that experience is the mother of wisdom; and surely no truism was ever more self-evident. Life abounds with so many sources of delusion, that experience only can teach us their folly, their danger, and their woe. The experience of others will avail us little. Though the general characters & situations of men are undoubtedly similar, there is yet variety sufficient to prevent the experience of one from being a guide to ~~the~~ others; & we must therefore each undergo the painful ordeal, and the fiery trial, before earth will appear to us in its true and undisguised coloring. We must toil up the rugged side of the mountain, before ~~can~~ we can be well acquainted with the dangers of the enterprise; no admonitions of others, no picturings of past sufferings from those who have already adventured, can smooth for us the paths, or wapt us safely to the limit of our career.

The lessons of wisdom which experience infallibly teaches us, are important and decisive, and indeed the only lessons to which we are in general induced to attend. But they are painful in the extreme. The chastenings of sorrow lead us to just conclusions, but to the moments of sad and solitary remembrance they are ripe with grief and anguish. The wretch who has learnt in long years of madness and misery the folly and wickedness of dissipation, is under little temptation to revert to it again; but who would have to endure the heart rending thoughts that must visit his soul? But to come to a more familiar example:— The youth that beats with hope, and throbs to anticipated glory, sees at last the hollowness of life, and the emptiness of human renown; he is convinced that

——the loudest blast
That ever fill'd renown's obstreperous trump,

is but like the howl of the wind upon the desert, heard in majesty, but lost too soon for ever; he acknowledges with the monarch of old, when he was sick of the inebriating draught of worldly pleasure, that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." But this wisdom is deadly bought. He finds as he advances in life that hope was illusory, and earth a pageant. He feels thorns & sorrows in his path; the storms of heaven upon his head, and the billows of adversity invading the fortress of his expectations. How many a pang will this instructive

experience convey to the heart! The loftier the genius, the more feeling the soul, the more attuned to lively emotion the sensibilities of our nature, the more painful will be the course, and the more agonising the experience. Dulness may shelter itself in apathy, and ignorance in unconsciousness; but to the child of genius & of feeling, there is no shelter nor repose.

"Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow,
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe."

And when the dream of expectance is past forever, the delusions of hope lost in the darkness of the tempest, and the lacerated heart compelled to wisdom by the remembrance of former things, we have to reflect that life has been spent in vain, and that the lessons we have learnt will now be of no avail, since time will not for us retrace his withering footsteps, or unravel his parching scroll. The perishing sailor may see with dying eye how he might have escaped; but the hour is gone, & the wave which experience has taught him could have been avoided, engulfs him within its bosom.

What then is the result of all this? What is the encouragement afforded to the young, the ardent, the enterprising? Providence has wisely ordained that the first years of life should in general be exempt from anxiety, and incredulous

of future ill. But it certainly must appear, that

—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

With these reflections, and these forebodings, the future prospect seems but a desolate wilderness, where the pageantry that delights the eye is but a splendid mockery, and an empty delusion, like the welcome appearance of water in the Arabian deserts, that fades as the traveller approaches to partake of the fancied luxury.

* * * * * * * * *

I have often tried to picture to myself the probable feelings of those who have endured long years of suffering, as they retrace the past, and call up the boasted lessons of experience; and I have been more than once tempted to agree with the sentiments expressed in those lines of an unknown poet—

O! it is sad in lonely hour
To feel dark memory's rending power;
When every gleam that tells the past
With pain & anguish is o'ercast;
When every throb that wakes to life
With woe unspeakable is rife:—
At twilight's shadowy time to think
As on departed hours we think,
And see the ghosts of vanish'd joys
Come darkling on our tearful eyes,
Pointing with fingers now of sorrow
To many a sad and lonely morrow!—

O! it is fearful thus to mourn
For days that may no more return,
To think on hopes that woe has blasted,
Of pleasures fled ere they were tasted,
Of flowers that withered as we sought
To snatch their leaves with beauty fraught,
And dear to fancy's heedless thought! —

* * * * *

Such are the pains of experience. Such are the sorrows which we must both feel in our course, and remember with anguish when they are past. And it is in vain to prescribe a remedy, or boast of a relief. Earth has none, and fancy fails in her imaginary remedies.

And yet those who have experienced the comforts of religion, tell us a different tale. They who have been enabled to wean themselves from this vile and unsatisfactory earth, have told us that they can derive comfort from the past, and consolation from reflection. Their joy is derived from heaven; but oh! how far above the reach of simple man, how purely bright, how dazzlingly beautiful! Here the flagging wing of mere earthly hope droops and is lost; and the weary heart that is not altogether abandoned To the misery of sin and of despair, must cry, in the words of an author already cited, —

Oh that we ere could look above
To heaven for rays of hope & love!
Oh! that the heart which sorrow wrings

Could we soar on eager wings
To that abode of day!
There only is our lasting home
When weary we have ceas'd to roam,
When earth's dark sphere has passed by,
And bursts sublime eternity—
There is one only stay!—

When such views and feelings can be attained, a new flood of light must rush upon the soul. There are gleams of joy even on the dreary darkness of former life, and the future, so full of uncertainty and gloom to others, is to the Christian replete with hope, & heavenly consolation:—

For to the wanderer who has past
O'er the dark scenes of life's rough waste,
And finds no more one earthly hope
With the tempestuous hour to cope,
'Tis sweet to think there shall be peace,
When death the spirit shall release;
'Tis sweet to think beyond the tomb
There is a clime of cloudless bloom,
Where all that rends the aching soul
In time's dark current by shall roll,
Where all on earth we lov'd and lost
Amid the ocean's surges tost,
Shall shine once more upon the eye,
In light & immortality!
Where those whom sorrow far has cast
Shall meet & bless our sight at last,
Where parted is the ruthless wave
That skirts the borders of the grave!—

I am aware that many who might peruse this essay, would accuse me of drawing the picture in colors far too gloomy.

I am aware that years like my own have seldom occasion to draw such melancholy reflections from the prospect of life. But I have abundant reason. I have been blasted and disappointed in my tenderest hopes; my heart has been seared, and my feelings wounded, though thus young, & comparatively inexperienced. When I look abroad on mankind, I see them more or less laboring under the sorrows with which I have been afflicted; and when I compare them with myself, I tremble at the idea of encountering a long succession of similar ills. I know not how it is, but life seems to have no charms for me. I am not a misanthrope, but social intercourse palls upon my feelings. I am not a hypochondriac, but there is in my heart the extinction of all that men have been pleased to dignify with the appellation of hope, ambition, pleasure, exultation. I feel with sorrow that I am not a Christian, and I can therefore derive no hope from religious considerations. I am ~~unfit for~~ tired of this earthly pilgrimage, but unfit for a heavenly inheritance. How often have I gazed with sensations almost of envy upon the happy worshippers of a God and saviour! How often have I thought upon their condition, till floods of tears have flowed

from my eyes;-but they were not tears of penitence; and I must yet abide the raging of the storm around this perishable clay, till some brighter hope, some clearer beam dispel the darkness; or I sink at once and forever into the dismal depths below. I feel that my heart is hard, and I continue in mad infatuation to make it harder; to steel it to all softer influences; to sear and wither it against the dews of heaven. When - oh! when shall all this cease, and the pure light of day arise to bless me? -

Amongst my solitary midnight lucubrations, I have found the following lines. They were written in an hour of sadness like the present, for I often indulge in this luxury of sorrow. -

STANZAS.

1

Tho' this dark vale of griefs & tears,
With heedless haste we go,
And every phantom vain appears
With light & bloom to glow.
But oh! the pain of fleeting years
Could but our bosoms know,
Before that pain its darkness rears -
'Twould save us many a throe.

2

EXPERIENCE o'er our sweetest dreams,
Shews all at length were vain,

Sorrow succeeds to pleasure's beams,
And folly ends in pain;
Too late we learn those luring gleams
To shun if spread again;
Alas — their desolating streams
Have pow'd our bosom's bane.

3

Oh! could we learn to look to heaven
Tho' all this gloomy vale,
Then might a beam of hope be given
To save from woe and bale;
Then might we joy, tho' fiercely driven
By every threatening gale,
And tho' the troubled clouds of even
Eternal pleasures hail!

THE AERONAUT

2

ὡς οὐκ ἐλούσατ', ἐξόπου περ ἐγένετο.
Aristoph. Plut. v. 85.

QUIDNONIANA: No.

AN UNFORTUNATE STORY.

It has seldom fallen to the lot of the heart whose sympathies are awake to the lively sensibilities of suffering humanity and intellectual sorrow, to see more disastrous incidents, and more acute grievances, than are to be found in the tale I am about to scribes.

Mehitabel Gibbs was the fourteenth daughter of poor but sober parents, who hired a cellar at 91 Cherry St, at the rate of twenty five dollars a year. Her father was a sawyer, but

had seen better days, having been bred to the profession of a hackney coachman; but alas, such are the mutabilities of sublunary associations, Mr. Gibbs was forced to maintain his immense family by becoming a knight of the buck & saw, while his wife took in washing, and occasionally made herself useful in Alderman Buckmaster's kitchen. Mehitabel had the reputation of being a beauty; and indeed she would have been well entitled to that appellation, had she not unfortunately been hump-backed, had a game leg, and a gimlet eye, together with a sausage nose, and no chin. She had a great turn for singing, but unfortunately had little or no voice; which is only another instance, how the faculties of genius are often cramped by the eccentricities of nature, and the imperfections of corporeal subsistency. And Doctor Johnson, or some other great man, has justly remarked, that the progress of genius, alike with the growth of body, is retarded by the contingencies of fortuitous ~~accident~~ accident, the sorrows of opening disaster, or the more ove-

whelming torrent of mortal desolation. This was particularly exemplified in the case of Miss Gibbs; for on the 4th of August, 1817, Return Meggs ran over her, as he was going to hear Mr Mitchell the universalist deliver a discourse upon the 4th Chapter and 5th verse of Tobit; which he divided into 39 distinct heads. But to return. Meggs gave her two shillings, by way of compensation, had her taken home in a wheelbarrow, and sent for the celebrated doctor Quackenboosh, who attended her in her sickness, and made her very much more sicker nor she was before; which by the way is a lamentable proof, that it is not very safe to trust doctors, because you do not know whether or not they may not prove downright quacks. Indeed Hyacinth Agnel the Frenchman says they are a hard set; and that he does not indeed like to trust them.

But to return. She soon recovered her health, bloom, and spirits. She was riding in Beaver lane in a cart, with one John Hoy, Obadiah Quickshanks, and Coe Gale, when her

charms attracted and riveted the attention of John Forbes, the printer; who was walking in the street with Duncan his dirty brother, & James Hardie the man of letters. This is the same ~~man~~ man that printed the Academic Recreations, and lost 50 dollars by it; he was acquainted with Doctor Mitchell, and Duncan knew 70 gentlemen of renown in Augusta, Georgia. Now John was struck dumb with amazement. So when the shaggy bear beholds ~~the~~ some blooming nymph amid the overshadowing forests, he stands lost in sweet surprise, and hangs his depressed ears. John stood in this style at least 6 hours, when Duncan took him by the tail of his coat, because a young man was waiting to see the proof sheet of an absurd publication of his, called the literary Panorama; whereupon John went up 19 pair of stairs, but was so overhead and ears in love, that he did not know what he did. It may be proper here to observe, that the above Hardie

has been seen drunk for twelve days together in a beer cellar.

But to return. The Gibbses were assembled in their family group. Old Mr Mowatt was taking lessons how to please smoked beef, when a loud rap at the window announced a visitor. It was Mr Forbes. He made a polite bow, and was disguised in a clean shirt, but stile wanted shaving. Mehitabel grinned a ghastly smile of complacency, and Mr Forbes accordingly opened his budget. Mr Gibbs was very glad to receive him as his son in law, and Mr Mowatt politely taking his leave, they discussed how the match should be brought about. Whereupon John was pleased; and though he was no great shakes at beauty himself, yet he cut such a swell, in the eyes of his charmer, that John was transformed, in spite of his dirt & laziness and churlyard nastiness, into a pretty decent looking young man of four and thirty. He was born in the year 1784.

Unfortunately, about this time, thirteen of Mr Gibbs's children died of empty stomachs; occasioned by their having nothing to eat — but a pickled herring and sour cyder. Mehitabel was now his forlorn hope, and to say no more, she was a forlornity. Her father had superintended her education in his own person, as regarded reading and writing pothooks and crooked straight strokes; and she became acquainted with polite letters, by her father's taking Mr Bigelow's Magazine; for not being able to pay the subscription to which his effects were sold under the direction of Mr Hays. This is the same man who keeps the peace at the Theatre. Isaac A Johnson was Attorney for the Plaintiff and Benjamin Haight proctor for the Defendant. This is the same Ben Haight that Capt. Donald Fraser chops at the Forum, by mistake, when he was debating on the Question of the Spanish Patriots. This is the same Donald Fraser that wrote the Universal History, and hired Mr Nicholson's house

out at Greenwich; for which being unable to pay, he was turned out on the fifth of December 1816. Mr Gibbses effects sold for nine dollars and twopence, the balance of which, after paying the amount of the judgment, Ben Haight put in his pocket. Owing to the unlucky decease of Mr Gibbs' thirteen children, the nuptials of his daughter and Mr Forbes, with a due regard to genteel propriety, were unavoidably put off till after the funeral, which exhibited the melancholy spectacle of thirteen wooden coffins provided by the Hospital, all in one cart, followed by Mr Gibbs in his shirt and bare legged from the knee downwards, John Forbes, Duncan; and two vagabonds as chief mourners – Doctor Francis and Doctor Hosack were seen skulking round Potter's field that night; it was supposed, to obtain their bodies, as exhibiting cases of morbid anatomy – This is the same Doctor Francis that sat in the Stage, as Regent, at the Commencement of Columbia College, August 1st 1818

When the solemnities of the funeral were over, & the aged Gibbi had wiped their weeping eyes, Mr Forbes suggested that he had better be married. So on the 24th of September, 1817, in the evening of the same day, the parties assembled in an upper room of Mr Forbes's printing office, which was superbly decorated with old paper & candles for the occasion. Mr Pultney was groomsman, and Elsey Canunn bridesmaid. They had sent for Mr Soles from Brooklynn, to marry them; but it unfortunately happened, that the boat was upset, and Mr Soley was drowned; & John got so fatigued (with liquor) that he fell down on the floor and kicked for two hours.

When he woke, he was in darkness & solitude, having been arrested at the suit of John Vandenheavel, & put in the

Stone jug. What had become of Mehitabel, alas! he did not know. His mind was in a sad state, & he solaced himself by singing the following song.

Tho' love was warm awhile,
Yet I am cold;
Absence soon blights the smile,
In this place old;
Dearest Mehitabel,
You know I lov'd you well,
And oh! I cannot tell
All – I'm so cold!
Derry down &c

Whereupon he was unfortunately interrupted by the gaoler, who said he would not have such a noise; but added, that Return Meggs had liberated him, and so he kicked John out of gaol, & John went home, and shaved himself, & put on a clean shirt, and got his dinner with his sleeves turned up to his elbow, and went out to see Mehitabel. In his way he met James Oram the printer. This is the same man

that published the weekly Museum. This is the same publication in which Cornelius Roosevelt published his absurd poetry. This is the same Cornelius, who had a brother called James, who was made a fool of in a poetical correspondence by a daughter of Cave Jones.

But to return. Meggs having been so amiable, John was enabled to go and see Mehitabel. When he knocked at the well known cellar window, no sweet responsive voice sung out, come in. No lovely Miss Gibbs put out her dog ~~face~~ face to welcome her beloved Johnny. Going round the house, John saw there was not a stick standing, except the front; it having unfortunately tumbled in, owing to their being nothing to support it. In extreme anxiety of mind, and with unpleasant bodily sensations, owing to the

contamination of the jail, Mr Forbes went to the Post office, in hopes of finding some letter from Miss Gibbs; but Mr Peck told him there was but one, and that from his father in Jericho, L. I. which he left behind, not being able to pay the postage. This is the same Mr Peck who was Colonel Platt's deputy at the arsenal, and called buck shot, huckleberries, (or shot huckleberries) - said Peck cracked this joke regularly, every day, for two years, between the hours of eleven and twelve in the forenoon. Said Platt was with General Montgomery, before Quebec, saw him die, and conducted the procession at his funeral, mounted on one of Mr Lord's horses, who danced and went sideways, to the scandal of the pall bearers and other spectators.

But to return. From the post-office, John repaired to the Police, where he received information from Mr Simons, that Mr Gibbs had just been clapt into the

Penitentiary, under the fourteenth section of the Vagrant Act, as having no visible means of subsistence. Said Simons is a mulatto of Creole extraction, and practices Law in the Mayor's Court, and has one Arm six inches shorter than the other. Said Mayor's Court is at present in a bad way, owing to the imbecility of Richard Riker, and his inordinate appetite for gain, which makes him take money and give change, when he ought to be attending to the Lawyers, who talk all manner of lies to the Jury.

But to return. Regardless of the distance, Mr Forbes shook himself, and girded up his loins with an old rope, determining to walk to the Penitentiary. Going through Broadway, he sang in a dismal voice, the following words to the tune of Carolina post-horse, followed by six lancers and other decayed

gentry.

Dearest, Sweetest, best Melita
Bel, I'll sing this doleful ditty
Tho' this large & populous city.
Tho' them dost not care a whit a
Bout me nor my doleful situ
ation.

I and my poor brethren Dine
On stinking ooze like any skunk,
Both tho Lazy for to work
Now may go about and shirk.
He is busy printing walk
Ers Dictionary while I'm talk
Ing here.

When he came to the Stone Bridge, John steered off to the right by Mr West's Stables, and in a paroxism of Love and Laziness, sat-down on a cannon by the fore drain that runs across the Collect. Here he fell into conversation with six negro wenches, nearly naked, who were extirminating their indigenous vermin, and washing their rags in the mud.

Entering into the general topics of polite conversation with these ladies, Mr Forbes talked all manner of nonsense for three hours. They kindly volunteered their services to discommode him of the acquaintance he had contracted during his late incarceration; in which operation, as the intelligent reader may probably conjecture, they made sad mischief with his matters much worse than ever.

This agreeable party was unfortunately broken up, by Mr Wells throwing stones at them; and hearing it was a burning shame and scandal to the place, to see such a pack of dirty, lousy vagabonds frying in their own grease in the hot sun, and that two of his horses from their proximity, had already died of the bots. Mr Wells is a great judge of horse flesh.

As Mr Forbes was carelessly lounging into Broadway, he was disagreeably disappointed by meeting Return

Meigs in a black gig, and tandem of two white horses, with an outrider and Miss Gibbs; Mr Meigs politely stopped, and informed Mr Forbes that he had that day led Mehitabel to the altar.

Whereupon John went off, intending to set about the publication of the Literary Panorama, but was unfortunately overtaken (with liquor) in the way.

Index of Proper names

Mehitabel Gibbs.
Mr Gibbs.
Alderman Buckmaster.
Doctor Johnson.
Return Meigs.
Tobit.
Mr Mitchell.
Dr Quakenbush.
Dr Mitchell.
H. Agnel.
John Hoy.
O. Crankshanks.
Coe Gale.
John Forbes
Duncan Dills.
Cave Jones.
Mr Simons.
Mr West.
Richard Riker.
James Harkie
Mr Mowatt.
Mr Bigelow.
I. A. Johnson.
Ben Haight
Donald Frazer.
Mr Nicholson.
Dr Francis.
Dr Hosack.
Joshua Soles.
Mr Pultney.
Elsey Cannon.
I. Vandenheuvel.
James Oram.
C. Roosevelt.
James Dills.
Mr Peck
Col. Platt.
Gen. Montgomery.

Candid Reader;- if the foregoing narrative has ~~not~~ redeemed the versatile character of the Aeronaut, which some suspended, ask no questions as to its purport, as inquisitiveness is a vile failing, which brought sin into the world, and all our woe.

THE AERONAUT.

No 3. 1818

Counsellor Phillips.

Conversation has become so common among the distinguished individuals of the present age, that we shall pass in silence over the political character of a man, who has acquired much ephemeral reputation in his own country and

in America. Abstaining from all re-
-marks on the versatile opinions of
Charles Phillips, we intend briefly to con-
-dense into one view, the conspicuous points
of his character, which present the fair-
-est subjects for criticism. He has aspired
to the distinct applauses of a poet, a
jurist and an orator.

Habet suum venenum blanda ora-
-tio, says a Roman Comedian. And
the fact is, that Phillips has much
to answer for, to the present times and
to posterity. Alike the subject of extra-
-vagant panegyric and of indiscrimina-
-ting animadversion; too weak to with-
-stand the levelled thunder of the ablest
critics of England and Scotland, and yet
too strong to be moved to any thing but
laughter, by the drivelling of some of our
own precious Reviewers; the splendid
nothingness of Phillips has corrupted the
taste, and misguided the aspirations of
many young and rising men of genius-

The remark of the poet. "Fancy ever rules while it soothes the soul", has been proved too just, as it is exemplified in the Orator himself, and his imitators. The danger of forming a false style, and of attending to a defective model, have been forgotten in admiration; till the mischief took deep root and has became next to inseperable. This undistinguishing admiration, has induced a habit of straining the mental powers, in pursuit of the wildest hyperbole, & of expressing the simplest ideas in the inflated language of bombast. It has caused a propension of those propensities to study, which correct the diseases of the mind, and shew the vanity of that spurious ambition, which converts all the intellectual resources into the food of a sickly imagination; it has suffered the aspiring energies of genius to evaporate in new modelling a few old metaphors; and pressing into an idle service, a few unintelligible comparisons. And the result is, that written

Phillips nor his followers can write good English prose.

As a Poet it has been remarked of Phillips, that there is less luxuriance of fancy, and fertility of illustration, in his rhymes, than in his Speeches. But while all can read and feel this just tribute to his powers cannot be withheld notwithstanding the rescripts of the great Reviewers, the incontinent small-talk of the servile retailers of their dogmas, or the opinions of that lowest order of intellectual beings—the herd who prate upon the strength of hearsay.

The enthusiasm of the Irish character, is above the national vanity of almost every other people. It is high, chivalric and imposing. It furnishes no just subject for merriment, like the fond prejudices of other nations; like the faith of the Welsh in indefinite genealogies; the strange dreams of the English respecting the dominion of the sea, or the equally wild fancies of the

Americans, as it regards their own intellectual illumination. The Author of the "Emerald Isle," seems ready to run a tilt with any one, who in the least impugns the capacities of King Brian's physiognomy; which possessed the singular felicity, of looking as much more Gorgonly than a Lion, as a Lion looks more Medusa like than a Lamb; and also as much more angelically than a Dove, as the expression of a Dove's countenance is more seraphic than that of an Eagle.

"The Lion incens'd was a Lamb to his rage,
The Dove was an eagle, compar'd to his smile!"

Bating this hyperbole, the opening of the Poem is spirited and beautiful. His reminiscences of Ossian and of the unfortunate Dermody, are replete with all the pathos of poetry. His enthusiastic fondness for his native land, has originated several bursts of loftiest energy, and tenderest beauty. The frequent changes of measure do not always appear to be dictated by the sense; with this exception, and a certain

carelessness palpable throughout, the poem possesses much ease and melody. The general character of Phillips' imagination, is copiousness, with little originality; and elegance, with no sublimity.

It has never yet appeared from any of his Speeches, that Phillips ever pretends to the character of a Jurist. As an advocate, his redundance would never be tolerated in Westminster Hall, or in our City Hall;- where all learn the value of Time, some to their profit, and many to their cost. But in the Courts where he has displayed his powers, that redundance has been more than tolerated - it has been received with rapturous admiration. The pompous flare of language, the wild-goose chase after metaphor - the continuous burying onward of the feelings - the occasional alternation of bombast and buffoonery, which characterize the orations of Phillips, would seem to be suited to the taste, feelings and temperament of his countrymen. Still however it must remain a doubt, whether

"To paint the parents fondling o'er their child,
Then dress the mind maid, and her distraction
wild—

is not better accomplished by simple descrip:tion, than wild metaphor;—even in Ireland; and whether in moving the passions of indif:ferent men, the appeal does not lie rather to the heart than the fancy. Unless the plain dictates of reason, and the canons of rhetoric are equally fallacious; or unless the Irish are anomalous in this respect, there can be little doubt on the subject. Phillips does not make his own talents subservient to the interests of his client; but rides the latter in the exhibition of himself. His total and unless disregard of the feelings of his employer, in the case of the widow Wilkins, is, we believe, unparalled:led in forensic annals.

If, however, the Irish character be an apology for his style, its glaring faults present themselves without palliation, when we consider it as mere abstract eloquence, which is to go down to posterity.

The rapid flow of feeling, apparently too hurried for method, the similes and tropes treading on the heels of each other, in never ending confusion, may entitle it to an Irish Jury real feeling, apparently sympathising with the passing of the Water, which are only factitious; but when submitted to the sober inspection of the closet, where no associations or prejudices enter, the vices of this style stand exposed in all their deformity. Everlasting redundance is soon found to be its prominent feature; the novelty of such marvellous prose soon wears off; and utter weariness succeeds. The most striking characteristic of this burlesque, has we believe no name among the figures of ; but it consists in beginning successive sentences and their members, with the same words for several pages; until the reader is certainly out of breath, whatever the speaker may have been. When this

is supposed to represent impetuous passion, it is sometimes happy. But with Phillips it is often affected. It is at first pleasing, but soon becomes tiresome.

Small beer critics have amused themselves with hunting through his productions, for new coined words, alliterations and tautologies. His language is certainly often unclassical, and as often inappropriate; his sentiment and metaphors are frequently as unchaste as his language; and many passages (excepting Lord Collingwood's case) are far too impure even for criticism. Phillips not only uses his figures void of originality, but he is perpetually driven to repeat them. His "pyramid in the solitudes of time," has been moulded by his prolific genius, into every form, regular and irregular of which a solid can be made to assume.

His last character of Buonaparte is unique among his productions; and by far the most faultless and original of them all.

These general remarks on Phillips cannot be better concluded, than by contrasting his tawdry flippancy with the nervous eloquence of Grattan. The following is one of the most admired flights of the Irish Orator, and he seems himself to have had a particular regard for it; since there are three different editions of it; in the last of which he seems to have profited by strictures of the Quarterly Review, and has omitted one metaphor, which fell under the lash of their criticism.

"Religion, holy Religion, ought not, in the words of her founder, to be led into temptation. The hand that holds her chalice should be pure; and the priests of her temple should be spotless as the vestments of their ministry. Rank only degrades, wealth only impoverishes, ornaments but disfigure her. I would have her pure, unpensioned, unstipendiary; she should not the earth of nothing but its sorrows; a divine arch of promise, her extremi-

-ties should rest on the horizon, and her span embrace the universe; but her only sustenance should be the tears, that were exhaled and embellished by the sun-beam."

The animal man may be led into temptation; affectation of dignity may render his sects ridiculous; riches may corrupt the principles of the mortal ministers of the sacred temple; but religion, holy religion, an abstract term for the incorruptible revelation of God, can by no prosopopeia, do or suffer any of these things. To compare religion to the bow of promise, is no very new idea; although the whole metaphor is certainly just, perfect and pretty. But pretty metaphors are better employed in illustrating the exhalation and exhibition of the tears of beauty. Her sublime faith is not their proper subject.

The following is an extract from Grattan, on the same topic; the corruptions of a religious system -

THE AERONAUT.

No. 4 * Vol. 2 1820

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Tyrtæus quo mares animos in martia bella
Versibus exacuit. **Hor.**

The History of Tyrtæus is well known to every one, who is at all imbued in Grecian literature. He flourished in the beginning of the Sixth century before C. Though venerated among his countrymen, as a Poet, it is doubtful whether his memory would have survived to the present day, or would not rather

have perished, with that of many other illustrious minstrels of those days, had not particular circumstances placed him in a luminous point of view in the pages of History. And Tyrtaeus may be regarded as a striking instance of the precarious nature of fame; so often dependant on accident: so unworthy of the ambition of a rational being, who builds his hopes for everlasting remembrance, on the baseless fabric of the abstract efforts of his mind, often not knit to memory by their league with substantial objects, or their practical influence on the destinies of mankind. It is said that the ancient mode of surveying land, in feudal Scotland, was to flog a vassal at the point of junction of the boundary lines; and he remembered the spot all his life. Many bards, like Tyrtaeus, chaunted in as elegant strains, the praises of valor and the hero's glory;

but their numbers died, with them whom they celebrated.

In the second Messenian war, the Spartans being worsted by the enterprize of Aristomenes, applied to the oracle for advice, who directed them to seek a general from the Athenians. The latter sent them the Poet Tyrtæus. The final issue of the war being the victory of the Lacedæmonians, and the utter destruction of their enemies, the strains of Tyrtæus which had excited the drooping spirits of the soldiers, became immortal, with the conquest, which was superstitiously ascribed to their influence.

Three of his poems, which we have translated in this number, are preserved by Stobæus. A fourth is partly to be found in the only oration now remaining, of Lycurgus the Athenian orator, and friend of Demosthenes. A few detached couplets may also be seen, in Strabo and Pausanias.+

+ Gillies Greece. Vol. I. pp. 184.

[Bibliotheca Classica Poetarum Graecorum. Tom III. Lipsiae. A. D. 1817 pp. 40]

I.

How proud his fate, who, on his country's side,
Falls, fighting foremost, in the ranks of war!
How ill the dastard's lot, who fears to bide
The invader's shock, and beggar'd roams afar!
He leaves his city, quits his native plain,
An exile o'er the unfriendly earth to roam
With age-worn parents, and, a helpless train,
His bride, and infant pledges of her love.
For passport, odious poverty he bears;
In each he meets, the world shall find a foe,
Shame of his line, and of the form he wears,
Dishonor and Misfortune with him go!
May pity never sooth his recreant breast,
For him no honors in requital lie!
But for our children, for our land oppress'd
Of life regardless, let us fight and die!
Fight, O ye youths, in firmer bonds entwin'd;
Grappling with men, not fear ignoble fear,
And infamy! — never all the vigorous mind,
Nor be one thought of coward safety near!

The veteran's lifeless arm to shun the fight,
Leave not the dead, the inglorious tale to tell,
That in the foremost brunt of closing fight,
Before the embattled young, the aged fell!
With their gray hairs and silvery beards expired,
In clotted dust choaked up their latest breath!

And, right unseemly, reverend limbs disclosed,
To gaze profane, to shame ye in their death.
But fair the youthful warrior's corse appears,
In his full bloom, who dies in honor's bed;
For man's applause, and for woman's tears,
Pierced in the front of frowning war he bled!

The poet Montgomery has beautifully expressed the last verse,

How beautiful in death
The warrior's corse appears,
Embalmed in fond affection's breath
And bathed in woman tears.

II.

Dread not the storming hosts, nor fear their shock;
The brave man, breathing all his mighty soul

In his firm purpose, plants his foreing shield
Against the foremost ranks; the equal leolds
The shields of death or splendors of the sun,
Both dear if honor shine within his soul.
Ye know the glorious end of war, who walks
Mid many foes; ye will leave proved the wrath
Of the same giving battle; ye have stood
O warriors, mail' pursuing and pursued,
The barrier of them both; for they who brave
Amid the foremost ranks together wake
The strife of war, are seldom doom'd to death,
The saviours of their countrymen; but fear
Lord of base hearts, a coward triumph gains
O'er noble passions. Oh who would destroy
The hopes of glory, for the shameful horn
Of terror and disgrace? The dastard's hand
Alone in war's destructive carnage reaps
An easy victory o'er the flying foe;
Or when his prostrate corse with deadly last
~~Pierc'd the ghastly wound impress~~
Transpierced in flight, lies wallowing in the dust,
The hand of scornful mockery marks his sleep.

THE AERONAUT

№ 6 March 1820. 6

Monody

On the death of the Rev. James M. Eastburn.

Lamented friend! how feeble is the lay,
How weak the tribute which the muse would pay!
Rude is the verse by sorrow taught to flow,
And polish'd numbers ill accord with woe.
But could one spark of that etherial fire,
Which warm'd thy bosom, this weak strain inspire,
Could but thy prophet mantle, lingering here,
Wake but one votive verse to grace thy bier,

Then might I, with the masters powerful art,
Pour the full offrings of a swelling heart.
Then might I paint thy virtues, and thy worth
which dawn'd in glory, but to fade from earth.

But thou art gone forever and with thee,
wither'd the fairest flowers of Poesy.
No more thy lyre with melting cadence rings,
For death, with ruthless hand, has swept the strings.
How choice thy victims death! with jealous power,
mid hopes fond dreams, in youths enchanting hour,
Thy mandates issue; and the sacred shrine
where truth and genius blend their wreaths divine,
around whose hallow'd precincts brightly plays,
Caught from above, religions holiest blaze,
First crumbles at thy touch, - the upright brow,
and the warm heart fall first beneath thy blow.

Why is it thus! relentless tyrant, why
So sure, so pointed, do thine arrows fly?
Why sparing those who bathe in seas of blood,
Still dost thou strike the gentle and the good!
Oh why, while guilt and crime their warfare wage,
must thy meek champion, Truth! first feel the
spoilers rage.
Still, memory, do they busy fingers trace
On our sad hearts, that placid, much lov'd face,
Still we remember - when can we forget -
The heaven born virtues in that heart which met,

Still, in thy mournful mirror, it is given
To see that form glide swift away to heaven,
The chilling shock of grief we feel once more,
which those sad tidings gave - that all was o'er!

yet o'er thy grave, joy breaks with brightening beam,
and far dispersed sorrow's selfish dream.
Not ours the faith which teaches, when to clay
The kindred dust returns - and when away
Has past the mortal fabric, which when here,
To friendship's soul congenial was most dear,
That the pure spirit, with the parting breath,
like her frail mansion, owns the power of death.
Oh no! from viler, earthlier dross refined,
Loosed from the bonds which here her pinions bind,
She mounts triumphant, from her shackles free,
To the blest regions of eternity.

Oh hush, thou mourner, then, that bursting sigh,
and check those tears quick gushing to the eye;
weep not for him with whom the Saints rejoice,
But list, oh list, to Hope's seraphic voice;
She soars aloft, on wing that never tires,
And sings, till high in heaven her strain expires: -
Hark! Hark! she chants, though now on earth
ye seem,
It cannot, no - it shall not be forever!
Beyond the grave there is a joyful home,
where blessed spirits, bursting from the tomb,

With rapture meet, and mingling heart with heart,
In blest communion, never, never part—

Farewell! tho' not to holy earth consign'd,
Tho' not in consecrated dust enshrin'd;
Tho' ne'er above thy long lamented head,
Affection's tearful tribute can be shed,
Altho' no marble mark thine honor'd grave,
No sacred willow o'er thine ashes wave,
Tho' there no bards their votive wreaths suspend,
Nor o'er thine urn in tearful silence bend;
Yet shalt thou live in memory's holiest page,
While friendship toils thro' life's sad pilgrimage;
Yet in thy strains shall men thy worth behold,
When all the hearts that lov'd thee shall be cold!

Stanzas

written at Sunset in autumn

I.

Oh! it is sweet at twilight hour to view,
while sinks the sun beneath the western sky,
The bright clouds sailing through a sea of blue,
attired in robes of gorgeous majesty.
And as along the vaulted canopy,
with Sol's last lingering, crimson rays they beam,
like airy sprites in graceful sweep they fly;
and wild, and fanciful, as forms that seem
To glide around the couch in fitful, fevrish dream.

II.

And now a beautious landscape strikes mine eyes,
where nature glows in loveliest, richest pride;
and lofty towers, and palaces arise,
with gardens gay, & flowing streams beside.
Methinks, seraphic forms appear to glide,
In snow white robes amid your towers remote,
Methinks, upon the zephyr's gentle tide,
I hear the lutes low breathings softly float,
Like the Eolian-harp's slow rising, swelling note.

III

But oh! ye fairy visions of delight,
E'en while I gaze, spell bound by Fancy's power,
How fast ye vanish from my raptured sight,
Like Joy's delusive, evanescent hour—

And every mimic scene, & glittering bower
Melts fast away like wreath of mountain snow,
And brilliant palaces, and gilded tower,
Fainter and fainter in the sun-beam glow,
Till night her sable mantle over all doth
throw.

IV.

Thus, do we ever see the fairest forms
Blighted the soonest by Deaths ruthless sway;
And thus the glowing mind that genius warms,
Before misfortunes chilling blasts decay—
Thus, Youth's enchanting prospects fade away;
Thus, ripen Manhood's warmest hopes deceive;
Thus, years of gloom do sunny hours outweigh;
And thus, while o'er departed joys we grieve,
Life swiftly flits away, like cloud at Sumer's eve.

Aug. 28, 1819.

Stanzas.

Along the rugged path of life,
So lonely, wild, and drear,
Where nought is heard but toil, and strife,
And nought but cares appear;
And where for every fragrant flower,
A thousand thorns arise,
And joy's uncertain, fleeting hour,
Like meteor, glows — and dies;

There is a light that brightly shines
Mid passions wildest rage,
A charm around the heart that twines,
From childhood, up to age.
That light, that charm, when storms arise,
Like heaven's own beams appear —
The light it shines from beauty's eye;
The charm is woman's tear.

The monarch on his lofty throne,
The lowly village swain,
Alike their magic influence own,
And bow beneath their reign.
When wavers hope's unsteady light,
And dark is reason's ray,
Oh, then, with radiance pure & bright
They guide our dreary way.

E'en at the last, and solemn hour,
when fears & death appall,
The spirit owns their mystic power,
and lingers at their call.
And when above the lowly grave,
Its head the willow rears,
Brighter, and greener does it wave,
Bedew'd by woman's tears.

Lines,

Inscribed to William Willshire Esq.

Heaven's noblest attribute! a richer gem
Than ever deck'd the monarch's diadem,
art thou sweet mercy! yet, alas, how rare,
Amid this world of crime thy triumphs are!
How dimly burns thy pure ethereal fire!
How seldom does its warmth the clay-wapt
heart inspire!
yet, now & then upon the path of time
It blazes forth with dazzling ray sublime;
Sheds o'er this vale of tears its heaven lit flame;
And throws a halo round the human name.

See! on the deserts verge, those wasted forms,
Which life's expiring spark but feebly warms;
worn down by pain, toil, famine, wretchedness,
And clad in squalid misery's abject dress:
And mark the hectic flush, the broken sigh,
and the wild glance that lights each sunken eye -
The thrilling pulse of hope - the withering fear
That checks the quick throb in its full career -
"Oh heavens! and will he come, & shall we be
Restored once more to life, and liberty?
Or must we in our galling bonds remain? -
But hush! - Hark! - 'Tis a horseman on the plain!"

'Tis he! he comes, he pities, succours, saves
The captives from their chains, the dying from
their graves.
Shine, Willshine, was the deed; & oh! to thee
Be due the tribute of the brave, and free! —
Noble, and generous! round thy brow shall
twine
a fairer wreath, a Laurel more divine,
Than that, which e'en the blood stain'd hero
bore;
Or science' sons in proudest moment wore.
And when the sculptur'd bust, the burnish'd urn
The victor's trophies shall to dust return:
When gone are all that wealth & power bestow;
Thy fame, undimm'd, shall shine — thy worth
shall brighter glow.

THE

AERONAUT

Pope has observed that it is hard for a man to distinguish between his strong propensity to writing, and genius. It seems as hard for the young men of our City, to distinguish between their great partiality for spouting, and a natural capacity to become orators.

The following speeches, taken down in short hand, by an eminent scribe of this City, will illustrate the foregoing remark.

"The question at the forum, on last Friday evening, (November 28th, A.D. 1818) was — "whether the funds of that Institution should, in future, be appropriated to literary or charitable purposes". Nina Childers being in the chair, the discussion proceeded as follows.

Mr Sybel began on the Negative, for some reason unknown. (I am also ignorant whether this gentleman be descended from the Old Sybils. If he be, there is a sad falling off in the family, as he is certainly no great witch.)*

MR. SIBELL'S SPEECH.

Mr Chairman,

* Perhaps his name is found from a Surname, and the familiar contraction of a Christian name — Si Bell, as much as to say Josiah Bell. I am more inclined to

I rise in favour of devoting the funds of this Forum to charitable purposes. [It is proper to state, that said Sybell, or Josiah Bell, had an umbrella in his hands, which he leaned on, and which he alternately shifted from one hand to the other, as he slowly moved round from one half-face to the other, looking at the two parts of the audience through a pair of green spectacles, and drawling out his words in a low, sepulchral tone, meant to be energetic; giving the most charmed inflexion to the emphatic, and cadaverous intonation to the accented words.] Said Josiah then introduced the following pathetic and sublime declamation, but here, the reporter was not able to gather, as Bell muttered between his teeth, wiped his spectacles

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adopt this derivation, as he is evidently of a tintinnabulating family; being well known ding boys and tinkling cymbals, all over.

scratched his wig, and dandled with his umbrella.

"Behold that lovely object. Blooming like the big magnolia rose, she has just arrived at the age — of puberty. [Note, that the dash — represents the pause made by Si, as he turned from one part of the Company to the other.] She is a cherished, idolized and only child — of her Father and Mother. [Here Bell scratched himself, to get more ideas.] Her budding beauties unfolding on their mind, strike their minds — as particularly enchanting. Her virtues dawning like the morning light, seem to them — very ornamental. Her form floats before their eyes, like a seraphic vision, when she — dances; and their hearts overflow with love and gratitude, when she — plays on the harpsichord.

Now mark the reverse. [Here Josiah

cocked his green spectacles, and crooked the forefinger of his right hand, bidding it parallel to his nose, which was also crooked.]

Mark, Jony, Mr Chairman, the rest. A gallant, gay scholar, in the pride of his youth and other accomplishments — makes his appearance. He becomes — her beau. He cops all their beauties, in an instant: ly hour. Now see her, festering — in her wickedness. Her parents hearts are broken; she is deserted by her friends, and by her betrayer, and is finally — delivered of a still born child.

[Here Josiah Bell dropt his umbrella suddenly, as an accompaniment to the effect of his last sentiment. He looked surprised, when no one applauded him, and took a drink of water, as a hint to the audience. But he was accosted by profound silence. He therefore thought proper to make an end.]

Mr Chairman, I must leave the rest

of this argument to another time. I hear tired my own voice and must get down."

STEPHEN PONTY LE MOINS SPEECH.

[I do not know what business Ponty le Moins had to get up on the same side, which Sir Bell† had just been holding forth on; unless he thought Bell an ignoramus, or non compos, and that he went for nobody. Neither am I acquainted with the mystical meaning of this Forensians name. Ponty le Moins may be easily taken for a French version of Pompey the Little, and Ponty is a fierce looking little cur. But some will insist that this name is a corruption of Pontius Pilate, and that Pontius Pilate the less, is the same as John the Second, Pliny the Younger, or, as we would say, Pontius Pilate Junior. But I leave all these matters to the learned, being nothing but a poor Scrivening Stenographist, collaterally allied to Daniel Rogers, the

†Note. I hear since thought, that this

City Hall Recorder. I will take down Seduction and other Trials, as cheap as any body, and will put in, or put out whatever any gentleman pleases, also chorus to pay, for hearing his trial faithfully reported.]

Stephen, being received with two and a half rounds of scattering applause, thus spoke; -

"The original design of this Forum was to give the money received at the door, I mean the two shillings a piece, in charity." [It may not be amiss to mention, that Ponto has obtained popularity, by distributing the surplus Funds of this Club, among all the beggarly Irish Catholics, in New York and its vicinity; by this means, he has had the pleasure of being renominated for the assembly; but, blessed be the Lord, he could not get in.] "Here we had the audience in a dilemma; because, if they applauded us, it was gratifying; [lay-

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Mund's name may be a Catholicism, and may mean "so beautiful", literally, from the French. For Di Bel is the ugliest radical I ever saw.

ing his hand on his stomach] If they were not pleased, we could say to them, it is not for ourselves that we expose ourselves, it is for the poor. Thus we rode securely, upon the Pegasus, of eloquence. [It is a lamentable reflection, that Perry has had a college education, and delivered the Valedictory Address at Commencement— but, out of tenderness, I conceal the name of his Alma Mater] Though it might not be for us, to drink from the living waters of Hippocrates, —[There is no such stream which originates in the fountains of Helicon; and I cannot divine what water La Motte meant, unless it be that in which Pontius Pilate the Elder washed his hands, as is recorded in Scripture.] yet, Mr Chairman, it was noble to be where I have been, and see what I have seen. I have seen the imprisoned debtor, ragged, lousy and starving— [Perry has no command of language whatever] I have seen him die— I have heard his wife and five small children

praising and blessing the Forum, for the money which bought a coffin, in which he was decently buried. And believe me, Mr Chairman, the pleasure that I then felt, was brighter than the effulgent halo, that plays around the hero's head.
[Loud and rapturous bursts of applause.]
I am now going to wander from the subject. [Here Pompey the little got into a violent passion; barking with his tail, & foaming at the mouth, and muttering several severe curses between his teeth.]
I am going to blab the secrets of this library gentlemen. They want to build a hall to speak in, with offices and other appurtenances, forsooth; but I tell you plainly, Mr Chairman, that if the object to which our funds have hitherto been dedicated, and by which they have been consecrated, should now be changed, I will never make another speech on this question, as long as I live. If I do, I wish I may rot here, all the rest of my life."
Pontius having made this magnanimous

word, descended from the Rostrum amid all the blunders that a scanty audience could make.

He was succeeded by Mr Fessenden, who incontinently hitched blasphemy in the first sentence he spoke; and was deservedly punished by the marked disapprobation of the audience. He praised Bounty & Ballots, but reprobated his principles, in a long, scrambling speech, which had neither beauty nor order nor connexion; and not satisfied with his former experiment, decorated with the same piece of impiety with which he began; and which, from regard to public morals, I refrain from recording.

Finally Dick Day got up, and was vigorously applauded by four cartmen, hired for that purpose.

And then the Forum adjourned."

THE AERONAUT.

No 8 February 18th 1820—

It is a remarkable circumstance, that, in this enlightened age, when men are directing the energies of their minds to the investigation of truth, when subjects the most foreign, and apparently the most unimportant engross their talents and attention; that the nature and structure of their own frames should

be so overlooked, & totally neglected by the generality of mankind.

Every person, from the most illiterate pretender, to the sage skilled in ancient lore, is in possession of a certain fund of knowledge, the extent and facility of employing which, constitutes one of the great distinctions between man and man. The infant on the knee will display to you his historical knowledge, by telling you that Cain killed Abel, that Adam was the first, and Methuselah the oldest man. The school boy will describe the relative situations, and magnitudes of the most distant empires of the earth, will enumerate their cities, and trace the courses of their chief rivers. He will also, perhaps, (if there has been any virtue in the birch of his preceptor) narrate the histories of antient Greece, and Rome, & repeat the names and exploits of their celeba-

ted. heroes and statesmen. Every one has a fund of information on which he prides himself, however humble or however useless it may be to himself or to others.

But how few are there, even of those who boast of what is called a liberal education, who have definite, and correct ideas of the internal structure of their own frames, or who can describe with accuracy the most simple of the processes which are there going on, such for instance as the digestion of their food, or the circulation of their blood.

Let us endeavour to discover the cause of this so great ignorance.
It is a common observation that men are apt to underrate & hold in contempt those subjects of which they themselves are most ignorant. It is this, which has led many, even at the present time, to decry the study of Anatomy as totally unimportant to mankind in general, and

as inconsistant with a refined mind, & those finer feelings, the exercise of which adorn & add lustre to the human character, and who indeed affect to consider it as of minor importance even to the practitioner of medicine & surgery. That these sentiments are unjust, illiberal and totally without foundation, I shall endeavour to prove: & though Sophistry may lend her aid to blind the eyes of the unwary, and the wild illusions of fancy pervert the minds of the inexperienced; yet Truth is omnipotent; her voice is mighty; she will be heard.

The value of Anatomical Knowledge to a man of a liberal education, and who occupies a place & a rank among his fellows, independant of the satisfaction which arises from the possession of the mere knowledge, is very great. By understanding the structure of his frame, the connection of its various parts, & the dependance which one has upon another, he

is enabled in a great measure to guard against the accidents, and prevent the diseases to which it is liable. It is by means of this that he can truly estimate the abilities of the skilful practitioner, and it is in this way alone that he can detect the impostions, and punish the frauds of the ignorant and designing pretender.

Besides this, accidents frequently occur, from which the most serious consequences ensue, for want of a person competent to afford immediate assistance; and which might have been remedied by a bystander with a very small portion of anatomical knowledge, and presence of mind sufficient to employ it to advantage. Every day we hear of instances where persons have bled to death, from the ignorance, and inability of those present to command the haemorrhage.

Is this knowledge then to be despised which enables us to afford relief, perhaps,

to save the life of a fellow-being?

But anatomical knowledge, as it relates to the science of Medicine, and as necessary to be possessed by the practitioner, has been ever deemed of the highest importance by those who were competent to give an opinion on the subject. Even the most superficial observer would perceive the natural connection that exists between these two studies, & the futility of his plan, who should endeavour to become a practical physician without a due knowledge of anatomy.

Viewed abstractedly this science, as discovering to us the nature of our bodies, as revealing to us the secret springs of life, and exhibiting to us the beautiful organization, and harmony of the various parts of our systems, is a subject on which the mind may expatiate with peculiar satisfaction, a boundless field, through which she may roam with never ceasing delight

But when we reflect upon the intimate connection which exists between the knowledge of the human frame and its functions; and that art which restores those functions when interrupted or disordered, when we consider the means by which this is effected, the knowledge of the materials employed which is necessary, and the nice discernment and care requisite in their administration, we are forcibly struck with the importance of an accurate ~~knowledge~~ acquaintance with the system on which we are about to act.

It was the want of this knowledge, which in the earlier ages confined the science of Medicine to such a narrow sphere. It was this, which by confounding & perverting all principles, reduced it to such a chaos of extravagance, and confusion - a mixture of the grossest superstitions, & the most disgraceful absurdities.

Not, but that there were geniusses, even in these dark ages of this science, who essayed to soar above the mists by which they were surrounded, and to overcome the

prejudices by which they were ~~surrounded~~ clogged, and ~~to~~ gave astonishing proofs of the height to which the unassisted mind may attain; and who shone forth like so many beacons amid the clouds of ignorance and error. But still they were contaminated by popular prejudices, and restrained in their noblest flights by the grossest absurdities.

Having no test by which truth might be discovered, or error detected; the vague theorist, taking for granted what he could not ascertain, went on from hypothesis to hypothesis, each more extravagant than the former; till bewildered, and confounded in his own labyrinth, he either became sensible of the fallacy of his speculations, and abandon'd them all together, or else plunged deeper & deeper into the mire of confusion whether they had led him.

But it is Anatomy that furnishes this test. It is this which prevents the enquirer after truth from being

led away by the wild illusions of fancy, or becoming the dupe of his own imagination; and recalls him from the flowery meads of folly, to the broad & straight path of reason.

From the period at which Anatomy first began to be prosecuted with attention, we may date the dawn of that revolution which has taken place in the science and practice of Physic, which has raised it from the low situation it formerly held, to the preeminence it now maintains. This was brought about by degrees. The successive discoveries of the circulation of the blood - of the lymphatics - the lacteals - the phenomena of generation - the nature and functions of the brain & nervous system - and in short of almost all the different parts of the body; which were only made by the most minute, and attentive investigation, all contributed to effect this change. Thus it was, that Medicine was exalted in her character, & became truly a science by the assistance

of Anatomy.

Having thus taken a brief view of the importance, and advantages which result from a knowledge of anatomy, let us proceed to the means by which this is to be acquired.

Though the works of experienced anatomists will assist us much in the prosecution of this study, they will avail but little if we rely on them alone, and neglect to make ourselves acquainted with the parts themselves, and to imprint them strongly upon the mind by a careful and attentive dissection.

But it is here that the fastidious, and weak minded raise their cry. What say they, can be more disgusting, what more savage & brutal than the mangling & dismembering the bodies of our fellow creatures! What more repugnant to our feelings, or more destructive of all the finest sensibilities of our natures. Is not this more the employment of a barbarian, of a being des-

. ~~bate~~ of every feeling of humanity; of a fiend rather than that of a man!

Such arguments as these have an air of plausibility, which is calculated to deceive. And they will be apt to make strong impressions upon many, because they address themselves to the feelings, not to the understanding. But as soon as the mind begins to consider them attentively, their fallacy is easily detected, and they are quickly discovered to be as false as they are ~~fallacious~~ insidious.

But let us admit for a moment that this employment is disgusting, and repugnant to our feelings; must we turn aside from the path of duty, because it is disagreable to us, and we have prejudices & antipathies to overcome at the outset? Or, that the finer feelings of the heart are blunted by this pursuit. would it not be better that this should be the case with a small of mankind, than for hundreds & thousands miserably

to perish by the ignorance, or morbid sensibility of those from whom they should expect relief?

And what are these finer feelings about which some make so much parade but on which they reason so vaguely? Do they prompt us to participate in the joys & sorrows of our fellow beings? The tide of philanthropy flows not less purely because we have it in our power to alleviate their sufferings. Are they exalted & refined in their character, by the contemplation of Nature in her grandest, and her loveliest forms? They can never be rendered less acute by the study of her noblest work: the masterpiece of the Deity. Or were those feelings low and degrading which forced the inspired penman to exclaim, when meditating upon the human frame, "how fearfully, how wonderfully are we made!

Oh no. short and contracted are his views who imagines that the heart is rendered callous, or its sensibilities

destroyed by this study. They may be enlarged - they may be refined - they may be rendered more exalted, more pure - they can never be injured.

Let then the wild theorist, who, by artfully confounding truth and error, would impose upon the ignorant, decry this science; for his vague speculations will wither into nothing before the all prevailing power of Truth. Let the ignorant and illiterate raise their cry: for the advancement of Science will sink them still deeper into the depths of obscurity. But let the Student of Medicine, who wishes to arrive at any degree of perfection in his art, be not deceived by their insinuations. Let him prosecute with diligence and attention the study of Anatomy; for on it alone can all true principles of practice be founded. So shall he lay a broad basis on which to erect the superstructure of future eminence and fame.

So shall he be enabled to pursue the arduous profession which he has chosen with that heart felt consciousness of rectitude, which is better than fame. N.

THE AERONAUT.

Nº 12 Febʸ 10th 1820

Remarks on Florian's Estelle

As the English language excells the French in its masculine roughness, its bold energy of expression, and its power of depicting the stronger, and more vehement passions, so does the latter surpass the former in the conveyance of those fine and delicate

feelings, and in the pourtraying those nicer, and more refined traits of character, which the heart feels at once, but which the pen is so frequently unable to express. Thus it is, that the English succeed best in tragedy, and those kinds of writings where strong passion is looked for; the French in comedy, and other light works which abound in lively sallies of wit, & brisk repartee.

The French Pastoral writers have also manifestly the preeminence over those of Great Britain. This, independant of the ~~peculiar~~ pliantness of the Language, may be attributed to the milder nature of the climate, & the pursuits, & avocations of the French rustics being more of a pastoral character, subjects and opportunities of delineating them, are more

readily offered.

In the list of eminent writers of this species, the name of Florian stands among the foremost. His Pastoral romance of Estelle is ~~one of those~~ a performance which seems to approach very near to perfection in ~~their~~ its kind. It is remarkably exempt from those defects in composition, against which the critics of the present day raise such a hue & cry; and corresponds very happily to those rules, which they lay down, & by which they measure the merits of a piece, as a carpenter does the proportions of a building, or a tradesman the dimensions of a piece of tape.

The unities of time, & place are both accurately observed, the characters are given with great

truth & fidelity to nature, and the episodes are introduced and managed according to the strict-est rules.

But it is not these negative qual-ities, which entitles Estelle to the high place which it so deservedly oc-cupies among the French pastorals; or which so rivets the attention to its pages when we peruse it. There is a chasteness & simplicity in the style, a beauty in the descriptions of scenery & characters, and an exquisite tinge of romance which runs through the narrative, which, at the same time that the taste and judgement are gratified, win their way irresistably to the heart. We meet with none of those incongru-

-ities, with which the romances of the present day teem. We find none of those strange and anomalous personages, who appear to be created for no other purpose than to act & speak in a manner different from every body else; In whose enjoyments and sorrows, as those of beings of a different nature from ourselves we cannot participate; and whose appearance, seen as they are through a thick veil of obscurity, produces no other effect than weariness & dissatisfaction. Here every thing is in perfect unison. We are introduced into a charming country, and we find the inhabitants to be just what we would expect to meet there. Simple shepherds & shepherdesses, who converse and act as such, in whose employments we become interested, and in whose joys and sorrows we participate. All is natural, and all is pleasing, because natural.

There is also a beautiful keeping (if I may use the term,) and at the same time a variety of scene & character, which we rarely find united in the same work. By an easy gradation, and a perfectly natural concurrence of circumstances, without any of those hop, skip, and jump processes by which we are, in the twinkling of an eye, transported from one part of the world to another, and which involuntarily recall to our minds the shrill whistle of the prompter, & the shuffling of his understrappers, the calm repose of rural life, is exchanged for the bustle and anxious preparation of the tented field; the bleating of flocks, & the gentle murmur of the waterfall, for the roaring of the war horse, & the enlivening notes of the spirit stirring trumpet

and in the stead of the peaceful inhabitants of the hamlet, princes, and warriours in their most interesting situations, are presented to our view.

The concluding address of the poet to his place of birth, & scenes of youth, are beautifully pathetic. And cold and frozen indeed must be that heart that beats not with the throb of sympathy, on its perusal.

The pieces in verse, which are interspersed throughout the work are written in the most simple, and unaffected manner; and consist frequently of those delicate turns of expression, which it is impossible to render faithfully in another language. We have attempted the translation of a few of these, rather for the sake of amusement & improvement, than in the hope of doing them justice.

A Shepherd on revisiting his native place, from whence he had been exiled, thus expresses himself-

Hail charming groves! which late I left
While sorrow fill'd my heart,
When of the maid I love'd bereft,
In grief I did depart;
From your dear shades, that fatal morn,
I wander'd in despair,
From my sad bosom Hope was torn,
But Love still linger'd there.

In foreign land, a fairy scene
Of beauty met my view,
Where, under bowers of varying green,
The sweetest flowrets grew.
But Nature's charms delight no more,
Or shady bower or grove,
An outcast from his native shore;
An exile from his love.

My Home! oh blissfull, sacred name!
Thy mystic power I've proved;
It glow'd within my thrilling frame
When far away I rove'd.
It said that <u>there</u> in heavenly blue
The streamlet flow'd more clear;
That <u>there</u> in richer, lovelier hue
All Nature did appear.

And as at Lifes calm, twilight hour,
Through youths gay scenes we rove,
Oh then we own the mighty power
Of chasten'd hallow'd love—
And in the lowly, rustic cot
Where first our breath we drew,
'Tis sweet, as ends our humble lot,
To bid our last adieu.

A Lover thus deplores his absence from his mistress—

Star of the morn with silva beam
Oh hasten on thy airy flight,
And with a stronger, brighter gleam,
Disperse the gloomy shades of night.
But ah! to me nor night, nor day,
Can pleasure in my bosom move,
A listless, wanderer sad & stray,
When absent from the maid & love.

Beneath yon mountains graceful sweep,
The rustling leaves and flowers among,
The peaceful flocks together sleep,
Still mindful of their tender young.
Above them, on her downy nest
Sits mournfully the faithful dove
But I have neither peace, nor rest
When absent from the maid & love.

The maiden whom I love is true,
And soon we meet no more to part;
Then whence these fears of frightful hue?
And whence these pangs that tear my heart?
Joy's promise'd beams full brightly shine,
Hope gayest fondest dreams I prove,
But still with anxious thoughts I pine,
When absent from the maid I love.

The following are the lamentations of a lover upon the death of his mistress.

Oh ye, who from your true loves torn
The lingering moments chide;
And ye, who slighted passion mourn,
Or woman's faith deride!—
Yet with the anguish of your breast
Fancy can Joy entwine
For Hope is still your cherish'd guest,
But black Despair is mine.

In happier hour, I fondly love'd
A gentle shepherdess,
But ah! how false & fleeting prov'd
The amaranth flowers of bliss!
Like blooming rose, whose morning pride
Is fann'd by Zephyr's sighs
But which at noonday's sultry tide,
Withers, & droops, and dies.

Remarks on Florian's Estelle -

So my sweet Love was carried hence
By Death's relentless doom;
And Beauty, Youth & Innocence
Lie buried in the tomb.
And I shall follow, - while I mourn
I hear a secret call,
That whispers, "When the elm is gone
The Ivy soon will fall".

A Shepherds address to a flower which his mistress had dropped.

Sweet Narcissus! while Cately a maiden here left,
Whose fairness was equal to thine,
Of her bosoms protection since thou art bereft.
I will take thee forever to mine.

For since by that maids lovely hand thou wert press'd,
With fragrance more sweet dost thou glow.
Over roses & lillies thou standest confess'd
And the King of the meadows art thou.

Sweet Flower! since the whole of my riches thou art
I will keep thee 'till life's latest hour,
And will nourish & cherish thee near to my heart,
Entrance'd by Love's mystical power.

Though on the fair bosom of this lovely maid,
To repose would much sweeter appear,
Yet close to my heart or my breast thou shalt laid
To her image thou'lt ever be near.

In the VI^th Book there take place a single combat between Gaston de Foix the French prince, & Mendoza the Spanish commander, in presence of the two armies. The following is the song of the Frenchmen to their hero.

Brave Gaston! the boast & the pride of our land
On thy valor her fame & her glory depend!
And alone in the lists as you fearlessly stand,
How swell with emotion the hearts of your friends!
And Oh! as your steps to the combat advance
Forget not their union. Love, Glory & France.

When our foemen, so bloody & ruthless in war
Emboldened by power & spurr'd on by hate,
The legions of France to the battle field dare;
How vain their endeavour! how dreadful their fate!
For weak is the force of the sword & the lance,
And fortune still smiles on Love, Glory, & France.

The Beauty despotic who laughs at the pains,
And the torments of those who so madly adore,
And mocks as she leads them along in her chains,
At last feels the flame which she lighted before,
And with blushes & sighs, that her beauties enhance
Confesses the power of Love, Glory, & France.

But the foe, when the bright star of peace doth arise,
With the warm hand of friendship we ever will greet;
And the beauty when love softly beams from her eyes,
Sees her victim enraptured fall low at her feet.
Thus in war & in peace, on the field, in the dance,
Confess'd is the might of Love Glory & France.

THE AERONAVT

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"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live".

In that annus mirabilis 1692, a stranger, mounted on a raw boned charger, descended from John of Jarvis's ploughing team, and drest in parsons grey, entered the village of Salem at a devout gait, which could give offence to no man - To the enquiries of all whom he met, he answered in a patient tone, that his name was Faithful Handy; that he came from Muddy pond, where he had lately been ordained teacher; and

that he had a recommend from Hugh Peters to Deliverance Hobbs, one of their people.

Having thus, with resignation worthy of Balaam's ass, run the gauntlet of the Hierosolymites' curiosity, he descended at the gate of Deliverance Hobbs. An hard favoured young woman was drawing water at the well, who set down her bucket and turned round to reconnoitre the new-comer. She squinted in the peculiar mode described by the poet— "When one eye looked up, the other looked down"; and was terribly deformed in her person.— Nature in elaborating this rare article, seemed to have been trying an optical experiment; as if to show, by adapting her crooked carcase to a parabolical reflector, how symmetry may be produced from the most hideous and uncouth distortion. Her head, shaped like a broad-axe, was garnished with a tuft of red wool, streaming like a meteor to the troubled air, and would, if transplanted like the locks of Berenice have affrighted the nations, threatening pestilence and war. Her green eyes were set deep in her head, and seemed affected, like the grass, by the hot weather. A large hawked

nose covered half her face. Her ears were set like a dog's, in the back of her head; and her broad, concave cheeks were rivelled with seams, stigmatised with scars, and riddled with the small pox. Her mouth, twin sister to the crescent moon, stretching like a yawning sepulchre, disclosed the corrupted bones that were encharnelled within. Thin, skinny lips, and a Bavarian poke of the chin, completed the nomenclature of her charms. The rest of her frame tallied with her face. Such was the dragon that answered in a shrill voice to the parson's enquiries, "yes, Deliverance Hobbes lives here; and I am her daughter, Beautiful."

This was confirmed by the appearition of the matron herself; who was the exemplar of her daughter's attractions; except that her own charms had become mellowed by age; and, contrary to the usual course of nature, matured into something rather less ghastly and horrible. She seemed to be informed of the purport of her visitor's mission; for her first enquiry was, "Be you the minister that's got a recommend from Hugh Peters?"

Faithful groaned in the spirit as he replied he was; and as he entered the house, called not repress an inward ejaculation - "Hugh Peters had not ought to have died thus! The Lord deliver me from Deliverance Hopkes, and the Gorgon, her beautiful daughter!"

It may be proper to inform the reader, that the Minister, wishing to marry a reputable body, had obtained from a great man of that day; the ordinary letter of introduction, which superseded in a great measure, all the formalities of courtship.

The sight of a plentiful repast, contributed in some measure to calm the perturbed imagination of the preacher; and notwithstanding the overshadowing noses of the two harpies, he fell decently, after a short grace, on the bread and butter, milk, hominy, pork, sweetmeats, pumpkin pye and onions, which graced the frugal board.

During the supper, Deliverance read his credentials; asked after all her friends on the shores of Muddy and Punkapog ponds; and said, that as he was recommended by such a pious man, she was willing he should keep company with Beautiful. Beautiful acquiesced with

a supernatural leer, at which Faithful in tenfold dismay got up and retreated: saying he must visit his friend Goody Mercy Peabody. So mounting his horse, he rode off, muttering after, "She is too bitter ornary."

Goody Peabody was very glad to see Faithful, whom she had not beheld before, since he was a child; and he was much pleased with her daughter Patience, who was the very reverse of Beautiful Hotter; being a wholesome, clean limbed, tidy, good natured looking housewife. He now learnt that Beautiful was as ugly as she was bitter; being a vast virago and intolerable slut. In short it was soon settled that Faithful should keep company with Patience, and let Beautiful shift for herself.

Now, though the impression which Beautiful had made upon Faithful was by no means in her favour; though she did not move the parsons saliva, or make water in his mouth, as the Frenchman expressed himself; yet was the damsel deeply smitten with his gracious appearance ~~of the stranger~~. During the supper, this penchant had augmented marvellously, and manifested itself by an unwonted taciturnity on the part of the maiden, and an apparent loss of appetite; by certain

wheezings, & eructations of air which were meant for sighs; and finally by the supernatural beer which had set the poor parson all agog, and caused him to decamp in such great trepidation. For, as he did not wear the magic spectacles of love, which convert the greatest blemishes & defects into beauties, he saw her as nature had made her, with all her imperfections on her head, or rather, over her whole body.

As soon therefore as Faithful had left the mansion of Goody Hobbes, which he did as fast as fear & his horse could carry him, the damsel, whom he thus unceremoniously shunned, having devoured him & his charger with her optics, till they were out of the sphere of her vision, incontinently swallowed the remaining segment of the pumpkin pie, to which Faithful had paid his most earnest devoirs, gave a portentous grunt, and waddled off to her dressing room, to titivate her person for his expected return. In about half an hour she made her reappearance in the parlour, which had, in the meanwhile, been swept & garnished by Goody Hobbes in honor of the distinguished guest who had a recommend from Hugh Peters. But not as she went out, did Beautiful now return. She had exchanged the dishabille, in which she was

accustomed to perform her domestic duties, for the whole paraphernalia of her toilet: and she now appeared, arrayed in shreds & patches of as many colors as are found in a turkey-cocks neck, and loaded with every article of her wardrobe, which she imagined could give zest to her appearance, or add intensity to her charms. Her fiery locks were condensed to a focus, and curiously entwined with a green ribband, much resembled a bunch of carrots dextrously garnished with grass. Her crooked carcase had been straightened in some measure by a pair of tight stays, which, reaching to her ofspa innominata, prevented her, as she sat in a high backed chair, from making any other than gyral contortions. Goody Hobbes, who had also bestowed some attention upon her charms, sat opposite her lovely daughter admiring the second edition of her own perfections. Admiration of themselves and of each other for awhile kept these two paragons silent. The elder at length broke forth. "I quess its high time for Faithful to be back" To which the younger answer'd "I quess so too." Then says the elder Hobbes, "I quess there 'ant no witches & spectres at Pantapog pond" "I quess there ant" said Beautiful. A long pause then ensued, which was

broken by the matrons observing. "I admire what keeps Faithful so long at Goody Peabody's" — "I admire so too" says Beautiful who from the bottom of her stays, spoke like one from the tomb. "I admire how angry Patience Peabody is" quoth Deliverance. "I admire at her too" quoth Beautiful. How bitter she is! They say she has seen the black man." Another long pause ensued, during which the impatience of the couple manifested itself by agitations & writhings of their heads, and extremities. Faithful not making his appearance, these spasmodic affections increased to universal & horrible convulsions of their frames; and they sat like two Pythonesses on their sacred stools pregnant with inspiration, and looking unutterable things. At length, as if in the paroxysm of her fit, Deliverance bounced from her seat, exclaiming with vehemence, "I motion to send Remarkable to see where the minister stays" "I motion so too" says Beautiful. Accordingly the matron poking her head out of the window, called out in a sharp tone "Remarky, come here" — The person thus addressed, was the help of Goody Hobbes, and was at that moment employed in giving the swine their eve

-ning dole of swill. Her name was Remark-
-able Short. This cognomen had been given
by her sagacious parents in a prophetic hour,
and indeed she was the most remarkably short
woman of her day; standing in her stockings she
was a little rising one foot. But this ecdur-
-dancy of longitude was in a measure compen-
-sated by a corresponding deficiency of latitude,
and it was marvellous to conceive how radi-
-cal heat could abide in and pervade such
a quarry of bone and gristle. Deliverance
had chosen her from a thousand that
she might not disgrace and spoil the
tout-ensemble of the family appearance
by bringing any flesh into the concern.
Being thus summoned she very dexterously
and with great nonchalance stepped over
the courtyard paling, which separated the
pig-sty from the house, and ducking
with rather more difficulty under the
portal, sat down with an air which
proclaimed her equality with her employers.

"Remarky, said Deliverance, I wish
you'd go down to Jordy Peabody's and look
after the minister that ate supper here.
It's eight o'clock, and I guess he's forgot-
that it's time for him to come back and
pray, before we go to bed." Remarkable
she was in want of an excuse, to join some

gossips of her acquaintance, and talk over the case of Goody Glover, then under condemnation for witchcraft. She therefore jumped at the request, and after making some shy observations, which we shall not here record, set off with miraculous strides upon her mission. In a short time she arrived at the cottage of Mrs Peabody, and looking in at the window, saw Faithful and Patience tête a tête, in tender dalliance and communion. This right much scandalised the female ambassador, who had been present when the parson delivered his credentials, and who regarded him as already mortgaged to the skeleton firm; between whom and the family of Peabodys there was no great friendship; the latter being as remarkable for their flesh as the former for their bones. She withdrew her head indignantly from the casement and stalked like a fury to the door; where meeting the mistress of the house, she told her in no very gentle accents, that it was time for Parson Howdy to go home; and that the guest her daughter Patience had better not be keeping other people's company, at that time of night. This

speech, as may be imagined, did not tend much to overcome the aversion which Goody Peabody had always entertained towards the long limb'd spokeswoman, or to repair the breach which existed between the two houses. With ineffable disdain, as she clapped her fists to her sides, to sustain the load of indignation, which appeared to be boiling within her; and elevated her cubicund visage to about an angle of forty five degrees, that she might look upon the lofty face of Remarkable, she retorted. That "she admired what business such a bitter, ill-conditio'd, long legg'd, shite-poke looking body as she, had to be moping about other peoples houses at that time of night, and to talk in that impertinent manner, to her betters." That Parson Handy was home already, and that she had better return to her mistress. Adding, that if she did'nt troop in less than no time, she would see if her help Preserved Perkins could'nt help her. What further she might have added, or what Remarkable, who stood grinning a ghastly smile, in an extacy of wrath, might have an-

-swered, is not known. For Faithful, who had recognized the visage of Goody Hobbes obstel-
-lite as she thrust it into the window, at that instant made his appearance. From the shrill tones of the ladies, he had over-
-heard the purport of their conversation. And he accordingly set himself to work to sooth their angry passions; which, as he was gifted with a large share of cune-
-tion, he after some little time, effected. what arguments, or what figures of rheto-
-ric he employed, I am not informed. He however succeeded in causing Dame Pea-
-body to withdraw into her habitatia. And having told Remarkable, to inform Goody Hobbes that it was his intention to tarry awhile with his old friend, & distant re-
-lation Dame Peabody; he at length pre-
-vailed upon her to depart in peace, or at least without having committed any open act of violence upon the pre-
-ises, to which she had at first appeared not a little inclined.—

THE AERONAUT.

But no sooner had she crossed the first field, than turning round she contemplated the house with a mixed expression of grief and anger. The latter passion, however, soon gained such an ascendancy, that it broke forth into a volley of corn-cobs, brick-bats, clam shells & other missiles, which rattled upon the tenement

of the Peabodies in a fearful manner. The storm of her fury having thus discharged itself, she turned about & made the best of her way off; overturning in her career whatever impeded her progress, and scattering in promiscuous confusion hayricks, forces and pyramids of ordure. At length, in crossing a style she bobbed over it with such velocity, that she tumbled headlong upon a person who was just ascending it on the other side, and who rolled, head over heels, to the bottom. This unfortunate personage chanced to be no other than Dame Peabody's notable help, Preserved Perkins, returning home from his agricultural employments; a short, pursy, duck-legged fellow, of a goodly rotundity of paunch, & very choleric temperament. As soon as he had regained his altitude, & recovered his wind, which the rencontre seemed for a moment to have knock'd out of him, he opened the flood-gates of his wrath, and discharged upon the Amazonian perambulator a torrent of the most awful execrations, &

opprobrious epithets, which I do not, here choose to repeat. He might however as well have spared himself this trouble, for no sooner did Remarkable recognize him, than taking him by the most prominent feature of his countenance, she tweaked it with the greatest gust imaginable, after which, bestowing divers buffets upon his person, she concluded, by kicking him with a peculiar emphasis, & telling him very laconically to go to the devil, departed on her way, leaving him speechless with astonishment & rage.

We will here interrupt our narration a little, to make the reader acquainted with some circumstances necessary to be understood, and to give him some insight into the condition of the times. The village of Salem was at this period, in a woful state of perturbation. If we may believe one of the learned historians of the day (and whoever, pray? he, questions any of the things I relate, I hold to be a person of peculiar dullness.) If we may believe his account, the prince of the air, & Rather wonders of the Invisible world.

and his imps, with a host of apparitions, spectres, phantoms, & hobgoblins, were let loose upon this devoted place; and at the instigation of old women, potent in witch-craft, were playing their damned pranks upon the inhabitants. Some delighted to stick pins & forks in the tender flesh of innocent babes, & this would grievously torment poor damsels buffeting, & toping them about in a most lamentable manner, sometimes they would cause the most serious, & sober-minded persons to babble forth, unutterable nonsense in every earthly language, except the Irigois, in the which, it is said, the devil himself hath no skill, sometimes they would make the ~~not~~ sedate & respectable inhabitants — yea even the select men themselves, to cut the most strange, & fantastic capers: sometimes they would stand upon their heads, at others dance horn-pipes & pas seuls upon nothing, now going upon all fours, they would bark like & performing these evolutions, which the Greeks called κυβίσεις and ἐκκυβίσεις.

dogs, & anon bray like a pack of jack-asses. Besides this, brutes & even inanimate matter were the subjects of wicked mercy. Gridirons, shovels, & frying pans clattered, & rung tho' touched by no mortal hand; Spits before the fire would fly up the chimney in the twinkling of an eye, and anon coming down again, stick in the backlog in a most spitiful manner; and three legg'd stools slipping on one side, would laugh to see the matron whom they had eluded, sprawling on the ground. These dreadful machinations of the adversary, like the conscience of the Clerk of Copmanhurst, were only to be allayed by the performance of some praiseworthy deeds on the part of the afflicted inhabitants; such as the scalping a few tawnies, or stringing up a few witches.

Still with the fear before their eyes of dancing a pas-seul at a Sheriff's ball, to the melancholy music of a psalm tune, certain obstinate

old women, with the perverseness of their
sex and years, continued to gossip about
the operations of the Prince of Darkness,
until they became suspected of too
much familiarity with the object of
their constant conversation; and con-
persuaded themselves that they were
actually in his service. It seemed as
if some antiquated virgin, hopeless
of an earthly paramour, would rather
have the credit of an intrigue with
Beelzebub than nobody; and suffer-
:red martyrdom to save the reputation
of their charms. Naughty children
too, apeing their elders, would feign
themselves bewitched by some person
against whom they had taken an
antipathy; and would kick, squeak
and bellow with wonderful agility,
until they had succeeded in moving
the tender hearts of Judge and Jury,
and had the satisfaction of seeing
poor Isis women hanged, when
their tongue convicted of infernal

colloquies; a some poor old Lady docked and drowned, whom a misfortunate opinion obtained to be possessed of an evil eye. In short the whole country was in an eminently distressing and bedevilled predicament.

It was to a nocturnal congregation of ancient Ladies, who met to take up their testimony against all the wonders of the invisible world, that Remarkable betook herself, after her masterly performances on the pleasures of Preserved Perkins. Inflamed as she was with recent wrath, the wonders and mysteries she heard discussed heated her brains almost to frenzy, and as she strode home with stupendous paces, [like Gulliver when he astonished Baly Lilliputiad] dilating first to the moon, then to the sun, and then as big as she could go next) the rarified atmosphere of her intellectual was full of all monstrous, all prodigious things.

Meanwhile the paroxysms of impatience of Dame Hobbes & her beautiful daughter, continued to increase with the prolonged stay of Remarkable. They now arrived at that point, that Beautiful fell back in hysterics, & Deliverance, concluding that she was bewitched, raised a doleful shriek of consternation. "What ails you Beauty?" "speak" "she exclaimed frequently, and in great trepidation; while her daughter was seized with a universal twitching in all her joints. Ashen paleness usurped her ruddy cheeks, the purple faded from the tip of her nose, and the color of her eyes became a dingy yellow - At length she articulated with sobs and hiccups, "Mother there is a ball in my throat - and that blackamoor child hurts me."

At this crisis Remarkable came in, & the symptoms of Beautiful seemed to vanish at once when the door was opened - But when she

now no one but the domestic, they re-
turned with redoubled violence, with
a voice trembling both with fear
and anger, Deliverance asked where
the preacher was? "The black man
is up stairs", replied Remarkable,
whose eyes were rolling in a fine phrensy.
"Why didn't he come along with you?"
said the matron. "The Lord in his
mercy forbid!" answered her help;
whose head continued to run upon the
wonders of the invisible world. "Some say,
he has flown away with Goody Glover, as soon
as he had got her to sign the book: but
Goodwife Bray says he is dead." And here
Remarkable began to spin on her heel, &
to sing in a shrill cracked voice
"Heigh ho! the devil is dead &c.
"But Parson Hardy" squalled out Deliverance
in a still shrilla note, & jogging the
memory of the bewildered handmaiden, by
a vigorous shake of the shoulders. "what
does Parson Hardy say?" "Oh!" answered
Remarkable as one awaked from a trance.
Parson Hardy says as how he cannot come

back to night- and Dame Peabody (here Remarkable bestowed an epithet upon her which I shall not repeat) says as how he is home already- And Peterkin I guess, has got his belly full- and the black man has got Goody Glover- but Goodwife Bony swears he is dead & buried in the red sea. "High ho the devil is dead
Buried he lies in the sea that is red"
And here she began again to sing, & spin on her heel more vigorously than before.

Deliverance now firmly believed that the help was bedevilled as well as her daughter; and getting out the brandy-bottle, (a marvellous specific in such cases) was beginning to administer copious draught to both of them; when a volley of stones & clods of dirt rattled through the windows & down the chimney with such force, that she dropped on her knees in terror; and began uttering half formed ejaculations & supplications for mercy.

Beaumont now got the hysterics worse than ever: Remarkable continued to spin, faster & faster, & to sing louder, &

louder; till a mass of soft miry clay, hurled through the window by some unseen hand, glewed up her mouth, & cut short at once her gyrations & her ditty together. And Deliverance, fully convinced that herself & household were all bewitched, roared out lustily to be delivered from her tormentors.

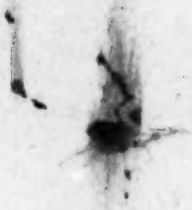
The next morning at sunrise, Mr Philip Smith was called out of his bed, by a great uproar and knocking, as if heaven and earth were coming together. Mr Philip Smith was a Justice of the County Court; a select-man for town affairs; a Lieutenant of heavy armed troopers, a member of the General Court; a Deacon in the church; and a most exemplary pattern of devotion, sanctity, gravity and honesty." * On enquiring into the meaning of the hubbub, he was told that there was a decided case of malignant witchcraft at Goody Glover's; and that he was wanted in his Judicial capacity. But this worthy man had been much dreaming about military matters just at this time, when it was rumoured

* Mathers Magnalia VII. 60

that the Metops had made a descent upon Casco: and full of fury against the barbarous and heathen salvages, he did not exactly comprehend the meaning of the message delivered to him. He had only time, in the increasing tumult, to get on his huge buckskin breeches, line his stomach with two quires of writing paper, and gird on his dragoon sword and belt. In this warlike attitude of preparation, he descended, with his wig all awry, amid the multitude; who seeing their magistrate cut such a figure of fun, concluded he must be also bewitched. A child cried out that he saw a little monkey pulling Squire Smith's periwig. The Justice, finding his mistake, quickly unharnessed his sabre; and yawning heartily, set his wig aright, and called for his coat and a mug of hard cider. Then in company with Mr Samuel Lockup the Sheriff, and the reverend Mr Cotton Mather and his son, he headed the procession to the supposed house.

When they arrived there, the room was full of people. Deliverance and Remember were keeping guard on each side of the bed, in which lay Beautiful, who as soon as the Justice entered, ~~began~~ uttered a terrible screech, and fell into hysterics. Mr M. Senior, walked up to the bed, and popped his hand between the sheet and coverlid. They asked him what he felt? He said there was a rat there, and withdrew his finger very expeditiously, having received a scratch quite across his hand. The rest were now, by command of the Justice, turned out of the room; and Mr M. Senior made a prayer of half an hour's length; Deliverance every now and then giving her daughter a spoonful of rum to keep her quiet. When the prayer was concluded, Beautiful was told to say Amen; but she only made a muttering sort of noise, which sounded more like an imprecation, than any thing else. After many unsuccessful attempts they gave over asking her to repeat the word; and the Justice asked her, Who

hurt her? She then answered glibly enough, "Patience Peabody. She sticks pins in me; and there is her specter."



THE AERONAUT.

This was sufficient evidence for the Justice, who turning round, uttered in a magisterial tone, Mister Lemuel Lockup I command you to take & to hold the body of Patience Peabody 'till farther notice. To which Mister Lemuel Lockup

answered laconically "So be it;" and forthwith proceeded on the execution of his duty. Sir Philip then addressing himself to Remarkable, who since his arrival had remained tolerably quiet, desired her to go down to Dr Dyslones' & request his presence. To this Remarkable replied not, but stood grinning at him & rolling her eyes in a goatlike manner; and upon his repeating the order, to his utter dismay, & consternation, she sprang up full a yard high into the air, & coming down began spinning on her toe, & vociferating like twenty imps of Satan, he old song-

High ho! the devil is dead!

Upon this the Justice retreated nimbly enough into the next room, overturning in his way the two Mr Mathers' who stood gaping with astonishment over his shoulder. He then, calling out to

of the window

Salem Witchcraft.

one of the crowd who stood round the door, ordered him to run down to Dr. Bentons & request him to come as fast as possible to Goody Hobbs, as there were three very bad cases there.

As every body in the village, man, woman & child, stood in the greatest awe of the Justice, this order was promptly executed by the person addressed, who set off for the doctors' as if the devil himself had sent him. This person, whose name was Simon Shuffle, (I love to be particular) found the Doctor taking his morning walk in the grave yard which adjoined his dwelling. He was a lank, long-visaged figure, shrivelled & withered up in his person, & who bore a considerable resemblance to one of his own dried preparations. It seemed from his appearance as if he had become assimilated to the spot

where he usually perambulated: and where, it was said, he had sent the most of his patients in order to have them under his more immediate care. As soon as the beheld Shuffle, who had shuffled himself out of breath, & who now stood with open mouth, in vain essaying to articulate, his first inspection was that he had gotten fish bone, peach pit or some other extraneous body in his windpipe, & had come to him for relief. He accordingly ran with all speed into his house for his forceps & perbyx. By the time he returned, however, which he did with a syringe & pair of nut-crackers which he took up by mistake, Simon had recovered wind enough to inform him of his errand, which as soon as the Doctor heard he snatched up his hat & cane, & set off in a prodigious hurry for the professed mansion, leaving

shuffle to follow as he might.

He soon found himself in the front parlour of Goody Hobbes, in the presence of Sir Philip Smith & the two Mathers. After the first salutations, they all repaired in a body to the chamber where Beautiful was lying; the agitation into which the Justice & divines had been thrown by the gymnastic exhibitions of Remarkable, being allayed by the presence of one of the faculty. Upon entering the chamber, they found Beautiful still lying in the same distressed condition; & the afflicted dame her mother, at the bed side applying fomentations to her stomach. Remarkable, whose paroxysm was over, & who seemed now to be in a state of indirect debility, sat, ~~leaning~~ with her chair tilted on two legs in the true yankee style, leaning against the bed-post. Of her own immeasureable

shanks, one was resting on the window sill, & the other, flexed to an angle of about 45°, reclined gracefully upon its fellow. In this picturesque attitude she remained motionless, at times muttering to herself, & at others humming her favourite ditty, which was ever and anon interrupted by a sudden hiccup.

The Doctor, at the head of the "forpe comitatus", advanced solemnly up to the bed side, & protruding his long, skinny hand, took hold of the patients wrist between the forefinger & thumb, with the true Esculapian gripe. Then closing his eyes, & holding in his breath, as if to concentrate his sensibilities, to the ends of his fingers, he began counting the pulsations. In about half a minute he pronounced in a solemn & sepulchral tone, at ~~the same time~~ each pause pouting out his lips, & smacking them in a curious manner— Pulse slow— and— frequent— indicating

an overloaded state of the blood-vessels, and general plethora— some febrile excitement— you understand me Sir Philip, hem!.

"Perfectly— perfectly— exactly so Doctor," replied the justice putting on one of his wisest looks, who, tho' he knew no more than a brewer's horse how a pulse could be slow, & at the same time frequent, & also how this indicated an overloaded state of the blood-vessels yet did not like to confess his ignorance— "And observe Sir Philip" continued the Doctor who ~~wished~~ had been reading a late work on nosology, & wished to shew off, a little before the justice— observe & say the dilitation of the pupils— & the twitchings of the muscles— & the tossing of the extremities— & the tetanic ~~[illegible]~~ & the Spasmodic affection of the diaphragm— you understand me Sir Philip— a very curious and complicated case Sir Philip!

The Justice who at each stop in the Doctors speech, had put in his— just so—

exactly to Doctor, accompanied by black marks of the lips, with a sort of a hollow grunt, perceived in this opinion, & added that he had discovered the author of the witchcraft, & issued his warrent for her apprehension.

Mr Matthew Senior who had scarcely recovered from his fright now advanced & with a sneering & sarcastic expression of countenance, proposed that as the Doctor understood the symptoms so well, he should assist himself a little in order to relieve them, at the same time insinuating that drugs, & the doctor were mere flea-bites, as respected witchcraft. "Certainly quoth the doctor, in his deliberate tones, certainly friend Matthew I shall do to the utmost of my poor abilities to fulfil the indications which appear - of which the first is Phlebotomy - The second an Emetic - The third cleansing a Saline cathartic - The fourth a potent anti-spasmodic - The fifth a relaxing endorific - The sixth - " "The devil

take you & your indications, quoth
but
Mather Jr. whose ~~wrath was grievously~~ was much offended
~~aroused~~ by this pedantic & lowminded speech,
~~but chiefly by~~ his but whose anger was
grievously aroused by his being called
Friend Mather - which he considered a most
flagrant insult - he having a most humble
antipathy to Quakerism. I tell you what
Dyboner, continued he, you are a person of
small capacity, & shallow wit in under-
standing these things, & touching the won-
ders of the invisible world, I hold you
to be little better than an ass. Besides
this I much suspect you to be a
Nullibist, & a Quaker to boot.
Hen Mather Jun. put in his ear, saying
that Dyboner was a quack, & an igno-
rant pretender & that he would not
trust him to bleed his horse -

Dyboner however who possessed a happy
share of equanimity, & who prided himself

not a little upon his imperturbable countenance paid no manner of attention to these discourses, but pulling out an enormous pleam-Lancet, & turning to the justice exclaimed "Now by the blessing of God, & will I instantly open the jugular of this damsel. ~~to obtain the dispersion about the praecordia of this damsel, will I open the~~ vena mediana of her right arm. After which, provided the congestion about the brain continued, I will instantly breathe the vena cephalica of the other arm." Then calling for three male pouringers, & setting the spring of his Lancet, the edge of which he tried upon the back of his nail, & which looked as if it might open every vein in the arm at one stroke, he pronounced to the bed with a fixed determination to put his threats in execution.

At this Sir Philip, looking rather awkwardly towards the Nathes, seemed as if he

had half a mind to stop the proceedings of the doctor. And, in truth, he had only sent for him for the sake of talk, & argument; not dreaming that he would be so rash as to meddle with the case. It being considered as much a matter of heresy for a Doctor to dabble with one of witchcraft, as it is at the present day for a Physician to treat a case of Canine Rabies by what is called regular practice. But whatever were Dr Phillips intentions, he found them anticipated. For, no sooner did Remarkable, who had recovered from her state of collapse, & whose excitability seemed to be accumulated to a wonderful degree, perceive him standing at the bed side, than, springing up she doused the lancet, & porringer from his hand, & tossing his periwig out of the window, fetched him such a buffet on the side of his head, as made his whole ontological fabric rattle again.

This totally disconcerted Dry bones, who had not before taken any notice of Remarkable, and who now vainly thought that a con-gestion had taken place in his own ce-rebrum. As soon as he recovered from his stound, & saw Remarkable dancing, & sin-ging her ~~strange~~ canticles, he snatched up his hat, & gleam, ~~dgoinain~~ & rushed out of the house; grinning with a peculiarly sardo-nic expression of countenance at the Justice & his two friends as he passed them.

He receiving his wig from Muffle, who had just got back, & who caught it as it fell, & the effervescence of his indig-nation being somewhat abated, he walk-ed ~~briskly~~ coolly homewards, repeating to him-self "Ira furor brevis est" ~~with~~ which sage adage ~~seemed~~ he was much consoled.

After his departure, the Justice observed that his bowels indi-cated breakfast, and proposed to the two Masters to return to his

house. Upon signifying their approbation, they all three departed discoursing on their way many serious topics and profound questions concerning witchcraft, magic, enchantments, good and bad spirits, apparitions, and such grave matters. And now reaching the Justices, they found breakfast waiting for them; which they also discussed in a most profound and hearty manner.

THE AERONAVT.

The party at the Justices breakfast table consisted of himself and family, and the two Mr Matthews. The good woman of the house however, and her children were mute persons in the scene, and at listening, open mouthed, to the oracular speeches of the Man of letters and divinity. Her daughters indeed, made some

attempts to chat with your Father; but he rolled up the whites of his eyes at them, and turned again to his Father in a reverential posture of decent attention. So they were also obliged to listen, for their great edification.

"Dr Mather" said the Justice "I admire that the witches and devils should leave you alone so long, ever since the Old and New Testament times, and just now come back to torment and harry such a peaceable and godly set of people as live in our town."

"Sir," replied Cotton, "herein you are grievously misinstructed; inasmuch as all ages and all places, on the testimony of Trismegistus, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Plotinus, Porphyrius, Jamblichus, Proclus, Julius Pollux, Scaliger, Scaliger the Jesuite, and innumerable others, whom I shall not now mention, for want of breath, have these infernal demons, or supernatural agencies, troubled teased, harassed and devastated the unsuspecting and innocent of all nations. Finding their origin, I do not pretend to pronounce with precision. The Rhabbinists did maintain that Adam had a wife called Lilis, before he married Eve, who bore him nothing but devils. But this being contrary to scrip-

ture. I hold it heterodox and impious. Yet notwithstanding the testimony of learned men in all ages and periods, there have always been obstinate ignoramuses, half-learned dunces, who did and do deny the operations of the invisible world; yea they account those who believe in them, fools, dizards, dreamers; and thus, when Maranus, of his credit, told Postellus he had seen them! and when Leo Suavius, and Paracelsus, and Cleyander ab Alexandro, and Lavater (de spectris) and Lodovicus Vives, Hieronymus, Basil, Nicephorus, Eusebius, Sozomenus, Jacob Boissardus, Peter Lovetus, yea, Cardan Martian and a thousand more, all men with their own eyes, and wrote great books full of examples and wonders therefore." + Here the worthy divine stopped to eat his johnny cakes; and the justice again edged in a word or two. "Yes, Doctor, said he," the Sadducees did controvert the doctrine of spirits, even when they had risen out of Mary Magdalen, seven fold." "Talk not of the Sadducees," answered Mather; "is there not even now one Robert C—† who goes about blaspheming

+ See Burton's Anat. Mel. 1. 56.
† See "Salem Witchcraft."

ven now, in the midst of miracles, saying it is all jugglin and force of imagination and other nonsense; whom I suppose to be a fit candidate for ecclesiastic censure and civil castigation. But touchin the nature of devils, they be of various kinds. There are your fairy gods, of whom our Mr Milton has given a pretty catalogue, in a certain poem of his called Paradise lost: and there be your liars, your false oracles, your tricky, crazy, malicious devils, like Asmodeus that put out the chimney. And there be your aerial devils, your water devils, and your subterranean devils. And touchin your water devils if was they, if we may credit Hector Boëthius, that met Macbeth and Banco, two Scottish lords in the woods; whereof a certain William Shakespere hath written a foolish tragedy, and profanely introduced the wonders of the invisible world on the stage. Then there be your tempting devils, whose captain is Mammon; and your covering devils, belonging to magicians and witches, whose prince is Satan himself. By one of these is this girl now possessed. As touching the power obtained by human beings over

their spirits, and the mode of obtaining it, and the compact, besides the authority of the ancient poets I might quote."— Here the Justice could not keep silent any longer, between impatience at such a long speech, and an itch to say something himself. "What a power of Latin and Greek you must have read, Doctor," said he. "For my part I don't know nothing about them things, and always did. A little Law is all I know, that I picked up when I serviced for Captain Lull of the Inner Temple Esquire, during my younger days." Mather looked drily on the speaker, as if in profound contempt of his legal acquisitions, and again took up the broken thread of his discourse, with a fresh material for spinning. "To touching the laws against witchcraft" he observed, "not to mention that the divine Law is a constituent part of the common Law, there be many ancient statutes punishing that damnable crime and heresy with fire and fagots. And the reason is doubtless, that such wretches may be foretaste of the everlasting process of combustion which

they are predestinated to endure hereafter. But as touching the Statutes, there were some past so early, as during the reigns of K. Alfred, Ethelbraw and Canute, and since, in the times of the eighth Henry the sixth Edward, Queen Elizabeth and Henry Mary, and the late King James. And the process is a writ "de haeretico comburendo," a very ancient and well devised writ. Many ancient records are there, of executions for this offence; but one which especially pleaseth me, is the case of a man in Southwark, who with the great Bible, was tried with the head and face of a dead man and book of sorcery in his hand, or under, dead man and brought into court; suspecting no indictment was against him, the Clerks did mean him, that there forth he should not be a sorcerer; and the head of the man, and the book of sorcery were burnt at his offence. And at Common Law,* there be four kinds of dealers with damons; your conjurer, conjurator, or invoker of spirits by the exalted name of God; your witch or wizard, your or gander, from to weet or to wit, to know, who is instructed by devils and converses with them, sometimes carnally, and hath them at command; such is this Patience now said to be: your inchanter, incantator,

Coke 3rd Inst. p 44

qui carminibus dæmonem adjurat: and your Sorcerer, Sortilegus, quia utitur sortibus in cantationibus dæmonum. And this was what hath brought this grievous judgment on our new country. For the young persons of both sexes, with sticks, and charms and philtres, and candles, and dreams, to know their true loves by, forsooth, have set this hideous Azazel roaring among us, with his tragical doings in the shape of divers all very diversely and anti-christ spirits."*

"Marry," quoth the Justice, "Dr. Mather, you had'st ought to have been a Divine; you would have made such a learned judge. Who could have thought you had such a sight of Law, all to boot?" "Rather say," said Master Increase, "my father should have been three, instead of one; for a doubtful he is equally great and skilful in Law, Divinity and Physic." "Verily," answered the Doctor, "you overrate my poor abilities." But to sum all in a few words, as touching this case of witchcraft, I shall put it into my Thaumaturgus; in despite of Mr R. C. and all his impieties. For Law, it is scarcely that we in this ultima Thule of the world should follow the examples of the ancients defend us of the faith

* Imitation of C. Matthew's style.

in the other region of the Lobe, and in exhaling according to my rules, I gave it to the Keeper of the great Six chambered Hall; and ordered him all such abominable devices pillars of salt, for the edification of the poor creatures. Fire and faggots are all too good for them, and as touching [illegible], I have some small skill and erudition, therein; and am bold to say, this Dryasdust is a mere mountebank and empiric; with his phlebotomy, forsooth! It is a flying in the face of providence. Fried Cotton, indeed! I do believe him to be one of the most heretical of those ignes fatui, and inward light children of darkness - those verdin who have licked up the vomit of former deceivers, from the kennels of bygone ages, for a new digestion, and the new poisoning of mankind*!" Here Samuel Lockup entered, and said he had Patience in custody; so the Doctor's declamation met with a final interruption.

The Captain proceeded with all due solemnity and magisterial dignity, to his hall of justice, where, seeing a great rout of people, and hearing dolorous shrieks from certain frantic looking women, he ordered every body to be turned out instantly,

* Matthew. C. VII.

except the accused and then immediately interrested. This mandate was, with some difficulty, enforced by the sheriff and his deputies; and the magistrate took the chair, being flanked by the two ministers. Patience, supported by her mother on one side, and Faithful on the other, appeared before him, pale but firm in her step and countenance, in which surprise and indignation seemed contending with fear. The Justice, who was a good hearted man, looked upon her with an eye of pity; and commenced business by asking of Mr Hopkins what all the calls wanting among the women meant, which he heard on his entrance, and which now came more indistinctly from the yard before the house, whither the rabble had adjourned. The ministerial officer made answer that it was Abigail Williams and her gossips, who were crying out, because Patience hurt them. "Ha!" said the Justice, "I begin to smell a rat. Great Abigail Williams has borne testimony in every case of witchcraft, that has occurred in this town since the beginning of the troubles thereof; and if she had been pinched, and pricked and bruised half so much as the boys she has, she must have been a corpse long ago.

"Pray, young woman", said he, "addressing himself to Patience, what is the matter with Beautiful Bobbes?" "I do not know", said Patience, "I reckon she is crazy." "But why does he cry out against you, for putting the black man upon her?" "I do not desire to spend my judgment thereon". The worthy magistrate seemed puzzled what to say next, and turning to Mr Mather, inquired, "what was his judgment, touching the question, if the devil could torment in the shape of a virtuous person?" Mather made answer "that he should be proud to communicate his poor opinion thereof, at a more seemly time; but held it best, under correction, to proceed with the business in hand." "well," said the Justice, "I believe there is no more to be said. I must make out this young woman's mittimus, and have her confined until the grand Jury sit." Faithful here interposed very warmly against this proceeding, and in his expostulation, cried many things extremely unsavoury in the ears of Mr Mather; who asked him if he was not a teacher of the word; and reprimanded him severely for being in company with a woman accused of infernal communications. But the limits we have allotted to this narrative

do not permit us to dwell upon this scene; to particularize the ascetic remarks of the elder divine; & the admiring and reverential air of the younger; the gravity of the magistrate; the modest intrepidity of the criminal; the stout defence made by Goody Peabody, who more than hinted that the affair was all a piece of spite and malice; or the obstinate resistance made by Faithful, in the face of prejudice ecclesiastical treachery, and evil authority. These things must be left to imagination. Suffice it to say, that the lover obtained so much clemency for his mistress, that she was to be privately confined at the house of the Sheriff, and not put in the common prison, with the other cases of witchcraft. He undertook to make Beautiful account her accusations, before night, if he might be allowed a private colloquy with her. At this proposition, Master Junior expressed himself somewhat shocked.

So the Justice and his guests went back to discuss the question of satanic power, which was then a most prominent among the New England divines, viz: if the devil could torment in the shape of a good man: and the rest proceeded to the house of

the Sheriff, as rapidly as the crowd would permit, was followed, in despite of the vigorous applications made to their backs by the constables, cauting, roaring and screaming; and would, no doubt, had it not been for the presence of the officer, have put for Potters in a sad pickle, with the missiles which they regarded with longing eyes, but dared not handle while he was guarded. The bedevilled Abigail Williams was distinguished among them, by walking as if she was afflicted by St Vitus, screeching in the most plaintifully distressing tone, and ever and anon falling into apparently violent convulsions. Many of the women sympathized in her affections, and all the rest mingled their groans and screams, as if Pandemonium had broke loose, for fair, and Satan had come upon earth like a roaring lion.

THE AERONAUT

Faithful, after having seen Patience safely deposited in the Sheriff's house, wandered off in a disconsolate mood towards Dame Flabbe's. As he strode along his pale countenance & agitated manner offered a striking contrast to the patient & demure appearance he exhibited on the preceding evening. When he arrived at the

house, he found the crowd dispersed & the windows closed. He turned up the lane, & passed by the pig-sty. The whole congregation having been neglected by reason of the sad condition into which their mistress had fallen, were [illegible] crying for their rations in the most lamentable discordant tones. Bertie, thought Faithful of the devil is not in the damsel, he is at least in these hogs. He now clambered over the courtyard paling, in the performance of which exploit truth compells me to state that a sad accident happened to his inner clothes_ viz a doleful prodigious solution of continuity, which added much to the inner troubles of his mind_ As he turned his eyes towards the well, he half expected, half feared to encounter the fair nymph of the fount, whom he there met on his first visit. He however now saw her not; but the appearance of rude hands was upon the well, a broken pitcher [illegible]

by its side, & the bucket pulled from the rope was rolled in the dust. Faithful thought on the silver chain & the golden bowl of life, & the frailty of all mundane things. he also thought on the frailty of his own pantaloons, & his ~~died within him~~. with a trembling hand he ventured to open the door, after he had knocked for several times in vain. Through the smoke which filled the apartment he saw the elder female seated by the fire side, with her chin between her two palms, & a stump of a pipe in her mouth; Remarkable was lying seemingly dead drunk on the floor, & snoring like fifty bull frogs; and Beautiful in a short gown & petticoat, was seated On the bedside, discussing a huge bowl of bean soup. Hobbes the elder took no notice of the entrance of Faithful but continued to smoke her pipe with great sang-froid; but the eyes of Beautiful

twinkled with emotion at his appear-
-ance. with a mixed expression of coun-
-tenance, where pleasure & surprise at
beholding the preacher, were blended in
curious mingled with the sour twist given by the
her usually sour face, now aggravated by
the last soup, she motioned for him to
seat himself at her side. Faithful
obeyed with the dubious air of one
who seats himself with the half-formed
resolution of having an offending grinder ex-
tracted. She edged up to him & asked
him if he would taste some bean soup;
but he declined the offer with a graceful
wave of the hand, telling her that he
did not come to eat bean soup, but
to have a little private conversation
with her. On this Beautiful told him
to say what he had to say, as Re-
-markable was too drunk, & her
mother too deaf to overhear him.

The preacher now commenced a long &
animated expostulation with the damsel,
on her conduct.

in which he mingled reproofs, entreaties, threats, & promises in a very artful manner. Beautiful at first heard him with impatience, now appearing convulsed with inward emotion, & now swallowing a spoonful of the bear soup, he at last seemed to touch upon some argument that fixed the attention, for she all at once became quite composed, & as soon as he had finished, wonderful to relate she promised to behave herself & not be bewitched any more.

Upon this he departed telling her that the Justice was coming in the evening to see how she did, & bidding her be careful & mind what he had told her.

As soon as the shades of evening began to descend, Mr. Smith, & his two associates with Mr. Lockup, & Fairfield who had wandered about the village all day like a troubled ghost, proceeded privately to the prepared house.

As things had remained quiet all day, the idlers who had been lounging about the premises, finding nothing to gratify their curiosity, had vanished; those who had homes to their suppers, & those who had no home ~~to finish up a meal & lodgings before they might~~ to forage upon their neighbors, as is still the custom at the eastward to this day.

Things were pretty much in statu quo, when this goodly company entered the room. Remarkable, having come somewhat to herself, was sitting upright, looking stupid and bedraggled, and exhaling from her nostrils a most intolerable odor of whiskey; and Beautiful, having finished her bean porridge, was gazing out of the window, at the evening star, apparently

lost in a deep reverie. As the door opened, she started from her posture, and looked as if she was going to cut some strange capers; but, on a significant gesture from Faithful, she restrained herself, and sat down again composedly. The parties visitant also seated themselves, and looked as sober and serious as if they had come to a funerals, no one seeming to know what to say.

Mr Philip Smith first broke silence, by asking Beautiful how she found herself? To which interrogatory she replied, "I notice I feel better this evening, and trust to be switched no more." Says Mr Smith,

"I guess you was crazy this morning." "I guess I was, said Beautiful". Then Matthew Senior, chancing to cast his eyes upon the remarkable physiognomy of Remarkable Short, observed – "I apprehend that woman is in a beastly state of inebriety." "Aye, aye," quoth the Justice, "I apprehend she shall suffer for it. Mr Lemuel Lockup, see that she be put in the stocks to-morrow morning." "So be it" replied the laconic Lemuel. Here the conversation flagged; and the melancholy silence which followed, was only broken by the moanings of Deliverance, the sobs and sighs of Beautiful, and the occasional grunting of Remarkable. "Hiccup" quoth

Matter Junior to his father, — "there be no spectres here to night. "Your worships will please to ob: serve, that there are no super: natural appearances here," said Faithful, "and that there is no reason why Miss Peabody should be detained any longer in custo: dy; I therefore humbly intreat of your worships, that she be set at liberty." "And I," says old Matter, "exhort you, Squire Smith, not to be positive that in your judgment, but to tarry a while, before you discharge the prisoner, from her incarceration."

Scarcely had the Doctor admin: istered this monitory hint, when a noise approached the house as of persons in the greatest agony: Dismal shrieks were heard, accom: panied with the shuffling of feet

and the rattling of chains; the sounds became louder, and still more terrifying; and the whole party felt themselves universally affected with nervous agitations. Dr Mather, however, rising from his seat, exclaimed, "Now you shall see how I will invisibly buffet, afflict, and fright the powers of darkness. Sathanas te exorcizo, in nomine &c." Here a whole volley of heavy materials shook the house to its foundation; the valiant exorcist staggered; recovered his seat, the chair unaccountably withdrew from his sitting part, and he came with a great shock to the floor. Presently a large stone came down the chimney, bringing volumes

of soot in its company, that ex-
tinguished the fire, and obscured
the light of the dipt candle,
that was burning unsnuffed
upon the mantle piece, with
a dim and ghastly glare. He
instinctively pulled out his pocket hand-
kerchief to wipe his face; but, in his
confusion and agitation of mind, in-
stead of his own nose, took hold of
the protoscis of Mather Junior, who
stood close beside him, shivering with
the cold sweat of fear. No sooner
did he feel this strange applica-
tion, than he concluded himself,
of a certainty, in the clutches of
the arch-enemy; and, mechanically,
bestowing a hearty blow on the counte-
nance of Mr Smith, which soon made
the Justice feel all the local situa-
tion of his own features, he fell back-
wards in a swoon. And now every
body seemed to have lost all presence
of mind, except Remarkable and

Faithful. The former, starting from her lethargy, vociferated, "Clean the pigs, I'll go feed the swine:" and the latter determined to accompany her, but was detained by young Matthew, who, in his terror, had caught hold of the skirt of Faithful's coat, and held it with the grasp of desperation. Remarkable Short stood out of the door. The noise was for some moments discontinued; and the party had begun to talk in whispers to each other, when something ponderous fell against the door and a scream, followed by a groan, attended the shock. Faithful, bursting from young Matthew's grasp, opened the door; and there lay Remarkable, stretched upon her face, apparently lifeless. He took her by the shoulders to raise her, but was unable to pull her in. The Scotch, with some hesitation, seconded his efforts; Beautiful next ventured to assist; but it was

ineffectual. Doctor Mather then mustered up courage, to lay hold of the Justices breeches, and help him hand and his hopeful son, clinging to the petticoats of Beautiful, labored manfully in this vocation, and actually succeeded in demolishing that integument, stout as it was. The Justice, who, at bottom, was a good hearty fellow, began to relish the sport, and at every renewed effort of himself and his colleagues, shouted yeo-heave-oh! with the true nasine accent and intonation. Deliverance was roused from her stupor; and, her first impression being that thieves were breaking in, seized the broomstick and tongs, and began to belabour the party with might and main. Remarkable could not be hauled in, by the united strength of the whole assembly; but lay, bellowing lustily, making grievous kicks, flings & distortions; and crying out, "my leg! my leg!" when the instrument-

of Goody Hobbs began to ring in the ears, and thrum the posteriors of the party, they desisted from their ineffectual labours, and turned upon the assailant, whom they soon disarmed; and she, between astonishment and fright, relapsed into her former insensibility. But Faithful suddenly rushed out of the door, and, in a moment, Remarkable gained her liberty. She came crawling on all fours into the room, as if uncertain of her capacity of perpendicular locomotion; presently, she got on her haunches; & then springing up to the extreme altitude of her commanding height, she shook herself for joy at her liberation. The exuberance of her satisfaction did not exhibit itself in the most graceful attitudes, while she does simply consists of her disenthralment. But her limbs seemed to have gotten some sprain in the recent struggle; for, after her first feats, uttering suddenly a

piercing cry, she threw one foot here and another there; kicked Dr. Matter in her evolutions, from one end of the room to the other; bumped her head against the ceiling, and knocked herself down, to all appearance, lifeless.

But another scene was yet to be witnessed, before these praternatural appearances terminated. They heard a scuffling and noise from without, and who should come in but Faithful, lugging Preserved Perkins by one ear, and Shadrach Shuffle by the other. "Here," said he, "be the wretches." Young Matter, in imitation of his father, was exclaiming, "Sathane, te exorcis, &c."— but the Justice discovered the bottom of the business; and cried out, "You vagabonds and rascals! what do you mean, by such burglarious and diabolical conduct?" Preserved stood in a sulky manner, kicking with his foot, and biting his nails; and mutter'd in answer, "She kicked me, and tweaked me, and buffeted me; and I only tied her by the leg." "But, you felonious and manufactoring convict," said the Justice, "what made you break all

the windows in the house?" "She did so to ourn," answered Preserved, in the same dogged tone. When Ichabod was interrogated as to the cause of his conduct, his only apology was, that Preserved told him to do it. And, indeed, this amiable weakness of obeying implicitly what was told him, is the only trait of character on record, in the history of this amiable youth.

It is to be observed, that Dr. Mather always asserted, that the devil had a hand in this fair, in their practices on the quiet of Goody Hobbs' house; "for as much," said he, "as no two, or two hundred people, could make such an infernal din and clatter, as was produced on that occasion. But seeing," he added "that some weak conscience might be alarmed at the suspicions circumstances attending the transaction, he had not inserted it in his "Daemonology &c., Mirabilia, or Wonders of the Invisible World."" This book had also a Hebrew title, which is not here mentioned, because the printer has no points to his

types. Our Tale now draws to a conclusion. Patience was liberated immediately. The next day, Remarkable Short cut a remarkable figure in the Stocks. Preserved Perkins was presented on one side of her; and Ichabod Shuffle was fain to shuffle his legs into a pair of wooden garters on the other side. Then two worthies were afterwards well whipped.

Whether it was, that being obliged to endure each other's company for two hours, side by side, they contracted an affection for each for propinquity; or that their passions, as is sometimes the case, vacillated from the extreme of hate to that of love; or from whatever other cause this sneaking partiality arose, it is certain that Preserved afterwards married Remarkable; and a curious couple they were.

Faithful carried back his blooming bride to Muddy Pond; where they lived a long life of peace and innocence. They had thirteen children. The first was called Welcome, and the last contentment; and their posterity inherit the land to this day. Return Jonathan Handy the brother

of Faithful, came soon afterwards to Jossy Hobbes, with a recommend, which his brother, with a little more policy than grace, advised him to forsake. But somehow or other, he pocketed his mis: :fortune, and married Beautiful, bitter as she was. He was not much heard of afterwards. It is believed however, that nature unwilling to perpetuate the bitterness of the Hobbes physiognomy, was not prolific in the case of her line. She had no children; but lived, to the sorrow of her lumbering spark to a vast age; and was as long a-dy: :ing as Mrs. Morrison, who has been breathing her last in Blackwood's Magazine for four months, and is yet kicking; and who must have put every one in mind of Peter's wife mother, that lay sick of a fever for three sundays.

[The above particulars were ~~found~~ recorded in an old MSS. found under the seat of a pulpit lately pulled down in Connecticut. The Editor of the Courant politely loaned it to the proprietor of this magazine, who has had the facts & ma: -tistic and the language modernized by an eminent writer for the newspapers.]

Note. in the B. I. Repository.

TABLE of CONTENTS,

To The Six Last Volumes,

VII to XII. Inclusive.